THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1730

JULY 1, 1905

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J. AUSTIN JENKINS, B.A., Registrar.

June 6, 1005.

June 6, 1905.

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Since the book originally appeared the author has had abundant opportunities of observing the Russian Empire both from without and within.

For six years he was in Turkey, and for nearly five years private secretary to the Marquess of Dufferin and the Marquess of Lansdowne during their terms of office in the Viceroyalty of India. He was also appointed political officer to attend the Czarewitch, now the Emperor Nicholas II., during his tour in India and Ceylon in 1890-1.

In the year 1903 Sir Donald spent about five months in Russia with the express purpose of preparing matter for this new edition of his great work. In addition to writing several entirely new chapters, he has partly re-written others, and has examined with the utmost thoroughness every statement which appeared in the edition published in 1877. The chapters which relate to the political condition of the people are entirely new, and have been prepared with the most careful thought and deliberation.

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THE LITERARY WEEK

The lately allotted Civil List Pensions are happily free from the absurdities and unfairness we had come almost to take for granted. In the past too much of the money has gone to the widows of consuls and other public servants who, whatever their claims upon the gratitude of their sovereign and their country, could perfectly well have been provided for from other sources. In 1840, for example, only £175 was allotted to persons whose claims were of a literary character; while the bulk of the sum available for distribution was divided among Queen Victoria's teachers of German, Italian, Singing, Writing, French, Music, and Dancing, and the balance went to three tradesmen of Monmouth—an ironmonger, an innkeeper, and a draper—in consideration of services rendered and wounds received while acting as special constables during certain riots. And we hesitate to recall to our readers such painful memories as the neglect of Richard Jefferies, such crying scandals as the affair of the man Brooks.

In the new list, all the recipients of the royal bounty owe their grants to services rendered by themselves or their near relatives to either literature or learning. Among the living, the most famous of the beneficiaries is Dr. James George Frazer, the author of "The Golden Bough." Among the dead we find Professor Freeman's work recognised by a grant to Miss Helen Freeman and Miss Florence Freeman, "jointly and to the survivor of them in recognition of the eminence as a historian of their late father." The other names may not be so well known to the man in the street, even if his tastes are literary. But in each case the services rewarded are the sort of services that the fund was instituted to reward; and one can only regret the evidence thus afforded that the emoluments of scientific and other research are, in the present state of our civilisation, so often scanty and out of all proportion to the devoted labour which they involve.

Honour to whom honour is due. The recovery of the Fund for Science, Literature and Art has been largely due to the persistent agitation of the Society of Authors—lately accused, as we had occasion to mention a few weeks since, by a contemporary ignorant of the facts, of doing nothing for any authors except writers of fiction and works of travel. In 1889 the whole subject was investigated, on behalf of the Society, by Mr. Morris Colles, who reprinted the list of awards, analysed it, and showed that "the Fund is administered year after year in direct contravention and disregard of the Act which created it, especially in respect of granting pensions to widows of men formerly in the Army, Navy, Diplomatic, and Civil Service." And not only that. "The difference," Mr. Colles was obliged to write, "between the rewards given

to literature and art and those given for naval and military services is also increasing yearly and at a most alarming rate." For example:

"In 1888 the widow of a most distinguished physicist receives a pension of £50 a year, while in 1886 the widow of a peer receives one of £250. In 1884 the widow of a great musician receives a pension of £80 a year, while one of £400 a year is given to the mother and the two sisters of an officer killed near Khartoum. In 1880 the aged sister of one of our greatest poets is granted a pension of £80, and the widow and children of a distinguished ambassador one of £500. In 1879 three widows of distinguished writers and artists receive pensions of £100 a year each, but the widow of a colonel of engineers, whose services could hardly be considered of more importance to the country than those of the three others, is actually set down for a pension of £400."

If the Society of Authors had done nothing more than successfully draw attention to this improper use of a Fund established for the benefit of authors, it would have fully justified its existence.

Novelists, however, do owe the Society a special debt in this matter. The story was fully told in the address which the late Sir Walter Besant delivered to the Society on his retirement from the chairmanship of the Committee of Management in 1893. The Society had, he related, a correspondence on the subject with the late Mr. W. H. Smith, then First Lord of the Treasury:

"It began," said Sir Walter, "with a letter from his private secretary, in which that gentleman made the remarkable statement that the 'Regulations' did not allow of any novelists except historical novelists being placed upon the list. We pointed out that this rule was not followed in former lists, which we copied for Mr. Smith's information, We then asked Mr. Gladstone if he knew of these Regulations. He replied that he did not. We then respectfully invited the First Lord of the Treasury to let us see these Regulations. He refused. We then caused certain questions to be asked in the House, when Mr. Smith had to state publicly that, in spite of his private secretary's statement, there were no such Regulations."

And, in this way, the novelists came into their own, and the attempt of Mr. Smith's secretary, doubtless unknown to Mr. Smith himself, to exclude them from the advantages of the Fund was signally defeated.

Some of the services rewarded out of the Fund have been of a very miscellaneous character. We have already mentioned the damaged special constables. Other beneficiaries have included the Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, two descendants of persons who had assisted Charles II. to escape; a promoter of infant schools; Father Mathew, the temperance preacher; and the pioneer of the Overland Route.

Readers of Wordsworth will be interested to hear that the Gowbarrow estate is for sale—and we hope that it will be one of them who buys it. It lies on the north side of Ullswater, and will be associated by all lovers of the poet with Aira's Force and Lyulph's Force. It inspired Wordsworth to write the poem called "Airey Force Valley," where he describes "the soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs," caused by the breeze entering the glen, and it is still gay with daffodils in March, as it was when Miss Wordsworth, the poet and his wife saw a host of them

"Beside the lake, beneath the trees, Fluttering and dancing in the breeze,"

Hence the poem known as "The Daffodils," the two best lines in which, according to the poet, were by Mrs. Wordsworth. The Force is a prominent feature in "The Somnambulist," where Wordsworth put into verse the story of a girl who walked in her sleep, fell into the stream, and was rescued by her lover, whom she recognised before she died. De Quincey calls Gowbarrow the most romantic of parks, and says that he saw there "alternately for four miles the most grotesque and the most awful spectacles

'Abbey windows With Moorish temples of the Hindoos.'

all fantastic, all unreal and shadowy as the moonlight which created them."

Collectors of Nelsoniana are being afforded many opportunities of adding to their store during this Centenary of the Battle of Trafalgar. On Saturday next (July 8) they are to be given an exceptional chance, for on that day the sale at Messrs. Sotheby's will consist for the most part of documents connected with Nelson's career, no fewer than sixty-four lots being the great Admiral's own letters to various correspondents, all of them of great biographical and many of them of considerable historical interest: One letter addressed to the French commander at Malta in October 1798 contains a memorable phrase:

"In addressing to you this letter, containing my determination respecting the French now in Malta, I feel confident that you will not attribute it either to insolence or impertinent curiosity, but to a wish of having my sentiments clearly understood . . . If my offers are rejected, or the French ships make their escape, notwithstanding my vigilance, I declare I will not enter or join in any capitulation which the General may, hereafter, be forced to enter into with the inhabitants of Malta, nor will I ever permit any which may be like the present, much less will I intercede for the lives or forgiveness of those who have betrayed their country. I big leave to assure you that this is the determination of a British Admiral."

It was "the determination of a British Admiral" which meant so much for his country a century ago.

In the same sale there are a couple of long letters—from Charles Dickens and from Percy Bysshe Shelley—of special interest as illustrating those writers' views, the one on the relations of authors and publishers, and the other on the relations of authors and the public. Of the quarrels of authors we have heard all too much, so that it is the more interesting to note the amenities of their relationship. In March 1853 Charles Dickens wrote to F. M. Evans a letter which deserves a place in the archives of the Publisher's Association. In the course of it the novelist said:

Association. In the course of it the novelist said:

"I have gone through the accounts and find them in all respects intelligible, explicit and plain. It is indeed a glorious balance, and expanded my chest considerably (I don't mean any pun) at breakfast this morning. Fifteen hundred pounds to-day, and the rest on the roth of April . . will suit me perfectly . . I can most heartily say that all our intercourse has been one of pleasure and satisfaction to me and that I have been very happy in it. I hope we shall never terminate our business engagements until that printer in stone, who will have to be employed at last, shall set FINIS over our last binding in boards . . I have had you in my mind through the last half to take this opportunity of saying that I suppose we are to consider our agreement terminated at the conclusion of 'Bleak House.' I would like you and Bradbury in the meantime to consider how you would propose to consider our future relations. I am ready at any time to meet you in anything you may suggest, and to conclude any agreement we may think reasonable."

A new agreement was entered into and continued for some years until Messrs. Chapman and Hall once more became the publishers of Charles Dickens' novels.

Shelley's letter is even more interesting, dealing as it does with the relations of an author and the public—with the extent to which readers may concern themselves in the private lives of those who write books. The point he makes, in the course of a lengthy letter to Leigh Hunt dated December 1818, is the same as that made by Thackeray when, referring apparently to some fulsome biography which entered into annoying minutiæ, he said: "None of this nonsense about me." Shelley, however, was referring to talk about living people; Thackeray to posthumous gossip:

"As far as the public is concerned, it is not for him whom Southey accuses, but for him whom all the wise and good among the contemporaries accuse of delinquency to all public faith and honour, to defend himself. Besides, I never will be a party in making my private affairs or those of others to be topics of general discussion. Who can know them but the actors? And if they have erred, or often when they have not erred, is there not pain enough to punish them? My public character as a writer of verses—as a speculator on politics, or morals or religion—as the adherent of any party or cause—is public property; and my good faith or ill-faith in conducting these, my talent, my penetration, and my stupidity, all are subjects of criticism."

A correspondent writes: H. A. Kennedy, whose death from narcotic poisoning was announced last week, will be

best known to most people as a dramatic critic. His connection with the Sunday Times in that capacity—severed only about a year ago—was a long one. He was, however, a playwright of some talent, and had written at least one novel. Playgoers' memories are short, but some will recall with pleasure the successful run of The New Wing, a merry farce. As is too often the case, the author's profit from that success was slight and he never had another. He dramatised one or two novels for the stage, among them "Tess of the D'Urbevilles," and a curious play of his called The Devil's House was produced in the provinces five or six years ago by Mr. Murray Carson. He leaves behind him among other works a comedy, complete or unfinished, Amaryllis, with two admirable acts and two much in need of rehandling, and a romantic drama, which Mr. Lewis Waller recently talked of producing at a malinée.

A new terror has arisen for the literary tourist. The inscriptions on mural tablets are not always to be relied upon. There are, for instance, two tablets in Paris informing the sight-seer that he is passing the house where Molière was born. One is in the Rue du Pont Neuf; the other at the corner of the Rue Sauval, where it meets the Rue Saint Honore. More than this: one inscription says that Molière was born in 1620, and the other in 1622. Perhaps the matter is of no consequence; perhaps the comedian was not born in either house. Some time ago there were two houses in which Molière was said to have died. Here also were memorial tablets. But there arose a conscientious antiquary, whom no opposition or inertia could daunt, and by dint of indefatigable efforts he persuaded the City Fathers to have one of them taken down.

Ruskin's memory is to be kept alive at Venice by a memorial tablet on the wall of the old-fashioned, unpretentious little inn that goes by the name of La Calcina. Here the prophet of Beauty stayed while polishing the Stones of Venice, occupying a room over the portico, and taking his meals under the shadow of a vine-clad pergola in a garden at the back of the house. The inscription will be as follows:

"John Ruskin lived in this house between 1877 and 1882. A High Priest of Art, he sought within Saint Mark's Cathedral, and in every monument of Italy, to discover the soul of the artist and the soul of the Italian people. All their marble statues, their bronzes and their paintings cried out to him that Beauty is a religion if a man of genius arises to make it known and if the common people listen to him with respect. Erected by the grateful city of Venice to his memory."

The exact meaning of that second sentence is a matter that the tourist, even the Ruskinian tourist, will probably not pause to unravel. Nor shall we. But a tablet with any kind of inscription is better than a statue of Ruskin in a frock coat; though Ruskin, in his numerous visits to the Queen of the Adriatic, did not always stay at La Calcina. His first studies of canal life were made at Danieli's Hotel on the Riva dei Schiavoni, and on a later occasion he settled at the Casa Wetzlar, near that "m st impious building," as he himself called it, the Renaissance Church of S. Maria Zobenigo. On another occasion he was the guest of Rawdon Brown, the indefatigable student of Venetian archives, who occupied part of a house overlooking the Grand Canal. Brown died in 1883, and then Ruskin went to the Hotel Europa. He also spent some time at the Grand Hotel.

"I've a most cumfy room [he writes in 1876] and only pay twelve francs a day, and I've two windows, one with open balcony and the other covered in with glass. It spoils the look of window dreadfully, but gives me a view right away to Lido, and of the whole sunrise. Then the bed is curtained [here is inserted a sketch of room and window] with fine flourishing white and gold pillars, and the black place is where one goes out of the room beside the bed."

Ruskin has his admirers in France as well as in Italy, and the *Figaro* announces that a French translation of "Kings' Treasuries" is about to appear.

Vienna is the latest city to discover the deplorable effects of "cheap sensational literature." Suicide is increasingly frequent there and Hooliganism stalks abroad, and it is all the fault, we are told, of the Viennese equivalent of the "penny dreadful." The plain man, hearing these tirades, is sometimes tempted to wonder how it was that any crimes whatever were committed in the Golden Age before printing was invented; but it is not less interesting to take note of the measures by which Vienna means to cope with the evil. A Society has been formed which will offer large prizes for healthy novels, and the subsequent proceedings will be like those of the Trusts. The healthy novels, that is to say, will be put on the market at so cheap a price that the unhealthy authors will be unable to compete, but will be compelled, like the rivals of the Standard Oil Combination, to shut up shop.

Let us hope for the best. The end in this case would certainly sanctify the means, even if the unhappy homes of some unhealthy authors got sold up in the course of the struggle. But there is a difficulty, and a flaw in the analogy. Literature is not quite like oil; and it may be doubted whether the economic law that we must needs love the cheapest when we see it is, in this case, applicable. Were it so, the most popular kind of literature would be the Evangelical Tracts and Tariff Reform leaflets which we can get for nothing; while the pamphlets which Count Tolstoy's publishers practically give away would be preferred, in the dressmaker's work-room and the servants' hall, to the six-shilling products of the pens of certain writers we could name. This, however, is notoriously not the case; and it may very well be that the public which buys "sensational" fiction buys it because it prefers it, and not from any abstract desire to lay out money to the best advantage. In that case, we shall find that the power of the purse has its limits, though perhaps it may succeed in a sufficient percentage of cases to make the experiment worth trying.

Some time ago we noticed Mr. Binyon's "Dream-come-True," a delightful little volume published by the Eragny Press of the Brook, Hammersmith. We hear now that the second volume of the same series is ready—"The Little School; a Posy of Rhymes," by Mr.T. Sturge Moore. These poems were written for children, and readers of the Academy may judge of their quality by the two entitled "Hands" and "New Clothes," which appeared quite recently in our columns. The book is illustrated with four wood-cuts designed and engraved by the author.

Sherlock Holmes in German has been performed with brilliant success at Madgeburg.

The enterprising publishers Velhagen and Klasing announce the issue in ten parts at 3s. each of a richly illustrated "Deutsche Geschichte" from the earliest times to the present day. The author, Professor Edward Heyck, will deal with the history from all sides, political and social. The first number goes down to the establishment of the German Empire by the Franks in the fifth century.

The "Livre d'Or de Sainte-Beuve," published by Albert Fontemoing, Paris, is a fine quarto volume well worth the few shillings that must be spent on replacing its miserable paper cover by decent buckram. It opens, as it should, with theex-cathedral "discours" delivered by M. Brunetière at the centenary ceremonies. M. Gaston Boissier writes on Sainte-Beuve's study of Vergil, M. Paul Bourget vindicates his claim to be called a poet; M. Jules Claretie discusses Sainte-Beuve and the Comédie-Française; M. Jules Lemaitre declares that Sainte-Beuve was not "envieux," though subject to "très naturels agacements"—and so forth. A particularly interesting paper is that of M. Jules Troubat, Sainte-Beuve's secretary. The book contains a useful working bibliography, and is illustrated.

LITERATURE

OLD FITZ

Edward FitzGerald. By A. C. Benson. (Macmillan, English Men of Letters Series, 2s. net.)

"It is He that hath made us and not we ourselves"—this text, which is printed on FitzGerald's tombstone, Cowell having taught him to like it, has been reverberating in our mind for days. And it well may be that it has made us cast as stern an eye on the man's life and work as he cast on Tennyson's and Carlyle's. He loved them even as we love him, but that did not prevent him from seeing every weakness. The character of Edward FitzGerald is one of the most attractive. His talents, too, were of the first rank. Yet the latest, and certainly not the least sympathetic of his biographers, in the work upon him which has been added to the English Men of Letters series, finds in him "a certain childishness of disposition, indolence, a weak sentimentality, a slackness of moral fibre, a deep-seated infirmity of purpose." Now, when FitzGerald had that text prepared for his tomb, did he mean it in excuse or not? "It is He that hath made us and not we ourselves"—the doctrine, if employed to cover sloth and inaction, is not, to say the least, very bracing. No man would be nerved to high endeavour by it, and he who had buried his talents in the ground might therein discover some show of justification. And what is said of FitzGerald will apply equally well to Omar Khayyam. We shall not be accused of failing to appreciate the merit of "that version done divinely well" when we say that in spite of all its manifold beauties it is not bracing. It is very far from our wish to condemn it on that account. Poetry need not always be a spur to activity, and there is a lotos-eating mood in man that deserves expression. But to those who accept the manlier view of Robert Browning that circumstance is plastic and a man's life is what he makes of it—"a brute I might have been but would not sink i' the scale"—Omar, "that large infidel," is not the most stimulating of examples. To all this Mr. Benson has his answer pat, though to our mind it is somewhat rhetorical and lacking in precision of statement:

"To enrich the world with one imperishable poem, to make music of some of the saddest and darkest doubts that haunt the mind of man—this is what many far busier and more concentrated lives fail to do. To strew the threshold of the abyss with flowers, to dart an ethereal gleam into the encircling gloom, to touch despair with beauty—this is to bear a part in the work of consoling men, of reconciling fate, of enlightening doom, of interpreting the vast and awful mind of God."

All this may readily be granted without touching the criticism we make that at bottom the poem is only a splendid expression of Oriental fatalism. Even the retort that moralisation is a characteristic of second-rate literature merely will not do. A fine song may be as non-moral as the singing of a bird. Nay, the great artist has usually made the first step in error when he stops to consider morality, which at the best is but a body of inferences drawn from life and therefore secondary. The primary is life itself. But "Fitz" and Omar set out to teach, and whether their doctrine be enervating or the reverse is a most legitimate subject of inquiry.

Mr. Benson has analysed the mind of FitzGerald with rare penetration and hits the nail on the head exactly when he describes him as an intellectual sensualist. No one ever has less deserved to be called a sensualist in the gross sense of the term. In regard to eating we are told:

"He lived practically on bread and fruit, mostly apples and pears—even a turnip—with sometimes cheese, or butter, and milk puddings. But he was not a bigoted vegetarian. To avoid an appearance of singularity he would eat meat at other houses, and provided it in plenty for his guests. But the only social meal he cared to join in was 'tea, pure and simple, with bread and butter.' He was abstemious, but not a teetotaler; and was a moderate smoker, using clean clay pipes, which he broke in pieces when he had smoked them once,"

Of his other sensuous enjoyments we have the following pretty description:

"He had an almost childish delight in bright colours, a thing which is said to be rare in light-eyed men. His favourite flowers were the nasturtium, the geranium, the convolvulus—'the morning glory'—with its purple or white trumpets, the marigold, not only for its bold hues, but for its courage in living the winter through. He loved the garish tints of bright curtains and carpets, the plumage of gay birds, cocks and pheasants, the splendours of butterflies and moths, anything that could warm and invigorate the eye and heart."

In all this a fine fastidiousness may be traced, and it is consistent with his habit of concentration upon the beautiful small things of life and literature. His criticism was in fact rather intuitive than logical. A fine taste and a superabundance of prejudices, good, bad, and indifferent, were his guides. Mr. Benson says:

"He tended to concentrate himself upon some salient point, some minute effect, rather than upon the general characteristics, the harmony of scene; as he wrote to Crabbe, recalling Cambridge: 'Ah, I should like a drive over Newmarket Heath, the sun shining on the distant leads of Ely Cathedral'; and to W. F. Pollock, of Oxford: 'The façade of Christ Church to the street (by Wren, I believe) is what most delights me; and the voice of Tom in his Tower.' His mind and memory worked, so to speak, in vignettes. He remembered the day, the hour, the momentary emotion, rather than the period or the underlying thought."

What we say of him, that the world had a right to expect more than he gave it, was exactly his own attitude to Tennyson, who, he declared, wrote nothing so good after 1842 as he had done before, and his discontent with the late laureate arose from his expecting from him in later years a riper and greater work than he had before achieved. In a letter to Frederic Tennyson in 1850 he wrote:

"His poem ['In Memoriam'] I never did greatly affect: nor can I learn to do so: it is full of finest things, but it is monotonous, and has that air of being evolved by a Poetical Machine of the highest order. So it seems to be with him now, at least to me, the Impetus, the Lyrical cestrus, is gone. . . It is the cursed inactivity (very pleasant to me who am no Hero) of this nineteenth century which has spoiled Alfred, I mean spoiled him for the great work he ought now to be entering upon; the lovely and noble things he has done must remain. It is dangerous work this prophesying about great Men..."

Thus we are weighing him only in the scale that he applied to other people, and despite an admiration as keen as that of any one we must find him wanting— strange as that conclusion may seem to those who take seriously the frothy and flatulent adulation that for some years past has been a kind of fashion.

From him to whom much has been given much may be expected, and it is our high esteem for FitzGerald which justifies the criticism that he did not give us enough. If he was right in his belief that Lord Tennyson failed to give his best response to the call made upon him, the sentence upon him is just also. The Laureate went astray because he responded to the call of adulation and gave what Carlyle contemptuously called "lollypops" to the public. All trace of him who wrote "The Vision of Sin" was lost in mellifluousness. But FitzGerald went astray after lights equally misleading. He came to live merely for the gratifi-cation of a sensualism that was redeemed only by its refinement and fastidiousness. His talents rusted and his energy slept. The one poem of which he became the exponent was a summary of his creed, and every call to action he resisted with his obstinate repetition of a sentence that reduces to an essence the philosophy of Omar—"It is He that hath made us and not we our-selves"—therefore, so does it seem to follow, on Him rests the responsibility, not on us, a denial in words of Henley's manly boast:

> " It matters not how strait the gate, How charged with punishments the scroll, I am the master of my fate,
> I am the captain of my soul."

RHYMERS AND A RHYMER'S LEXICON

- The Rhymer's Lexicon. Compiled and edited by ANDREW With Introduction by George Saintsbury. (Routledge, 7s. 6d. net.)
- The Dance of Olives. By ARTHUR MAQUARIE, Illustrated by
- MARY VINTNER MAQUARIE. (Dent, 4s. net.)

 The Burden of Babylondon, or the Social Incubus, and other vers de société. By Hugh E. M. Stutfield. (Arnold, 2s. 6d.)
- Sonnets and Songs. By ARCHIBALD T. STRONG, M.A. (Blackwood, 5s. net.)
- The Shadows of Silence and Songs of Yesterday. By CYRIL SCOTT.
- Ballads of a Country Boy. By SEUMAS MACMANUS. (Dublin: M. H. Gill.)
- Songs and Poems. By Lizzie Twigg. With Introduction by Very Rev. Canon SHEEHAN. (Longmans, 1s. 6d.)
- The Twilight People. By SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN.
- Whaley & Co.; London: Bullen, 2s. net.)

 Zetetes, and other Poems. By MAURICE BROWNE. (Elliot Stock.)

WE have never seen a book that gave so stunning a notion of the barbaric richness of our language as Mr. Loring's "Rhymer's Lexicon." Every page surprises even readers of Spenser and Shelley and Keats; readers of Milton will, beachy, beach beechy, bleachy, breachy, peachy, queachy, reechy, squeechy—beady, deedy, encyclopedy, greedy, heedy, needy, predy, reedy, etc.—fantoccini, genie, greeny, Hippocrene, Selene, sheeny, spleeny, teeny, tweeny (Mr. Loring's italics), visne—jelly, rakehelly, shelly, smelly, vermicelli, etc. In size and arrangement it is admirable; it might have been larger still, without being any better.

"Words," says Mr. Loring, "are inserted as often as there are ways of pronouncing them. Each pronunciation is a new word to the poet. There is authority, for instance, for four pronunciations of the word 'vase.' It is therefore to be found as a rhyrae for 'ace,' for 'praise,' for 'Shiraz,' and for 'pause.' Even then the editor has lagged behind the poet, for this protean monosyllable has been rhymed by the present Poet Leaurate with 'Mars.'"

There is something pathetic as well as proud about that confession. If he is damned, he will be damned with worse men than himself, he seems to say. To illustrate his tremendous devotion to his amusement, we would point out that he has given

"four hundred such words as 'tyrannous,' as rhymes for 'us'; three hundred words in 'er'—'adventurer'—and over a hundred comparatives—'lovelier'—as rhymes for 'her'; and many present participles in 'ing,' such as 'carrying,' as rhymes for 'bring.' . . ."

And his object is to relieve the poet of "a purely mechanical labour," and to set him free "to dwell on the poetic thought."

Could he, we wonder, had he been in time, have helped Mr. Maquarie, the author of this sonnet?

"To write a sonnet is like smoking twist:
Though wondrous easy, not all flesh succeed.
So if the raptured reader have a greed
For fumy fame, first should he chain his wrist
Until he feel his chilly forehead kist
By the inspiring muse; then let him heed
This wisdom: To light well the fragrant weed
And take Petraya. Love's evangelist And take Petrarca, Love's evangelist.

"Thus gliding on from hour to glowing hour,
Will every thought of self and sonnets die
Amid the sweetness of His harmony,
The solemn magic of His gentle power,
The pure elation while His fancies ply
In Laur's grown a new celestial flower." In Laura's crown a new celestial flower.

We think not. Mr. Loring can have no notion of the ease with which rhymes come; and in the case of Mr. Maquarie, the lexicon could only have brought exceeding perplexity, and perhaps have been to him as good as a conscience, and more silencing, by reminding him that "twist" rhymes with "cist" and "xyst" and three hundred "ists," as e.g., "deuterogamist." Nevertheless, Mr. Maquarie has a vein, as in "Of taking things easy," which ends thus:

"Give me Petrarca and a pot of tea,
And carry thou thy honourable scars,"

which might have profited by a visit to the lexicon of words without their souls. But we are not sure that it can act instead of a conscience. Mr. Stutfield, for example, a man of some wit, is not content to use the words he is familiar with, nor has he the strength to use the strange effectively. Here he speaks of the Sibyl of the cult of beauty;

"So cunning are her machinations, Her arts so subtly therapeutical, That folks who erstwhile mocked her Now bless that Beauty Doctor Who worked such magic on their cuticle,"

There, only the words are amusing, and any column of Mr. Loring's is far more so. The rhymes, it will be seen, are not expressive enough to be pleasing, nor surprising enough to be ridiculous; they are only bête; and while it is the man who is in danger of being bête whom we should help "to dwell upon the poetic thought," if any, it is pretty certain that he will be encouraged in his worst habits by the obliging manner of the lexicon. Mr. Stutfield, by the way, is ungenerous enough, by his rhyme of "Terpsichore" and "high-kickery" to force Mr. Loring to increase the size of his book some day; he will then add "hickory," "chicory" and "dickory," which are absent now. Mr. Stutfield enjoys himself, and Mr. Loring should use his poem as an advertisement, or at least the page in which the poet rhymes "despotic" and "Tommyrotic."

use his poem as an advertisement, or at least the page in which the poet rhymes "despotic" and "Tommyrotic."

We should like to see the effect of the lexicon upon Mr. Strong's exalted mind. He might then make twenty "Ballades of Hates" instead of the one which begins:

"I hate a prude: I hate a bore:
I hate the sons of pedantry:
I hate a snob: and I abhor
The manners of Democracy:
I hate the rabid coterie
Whom anti-English spleen hath stung—
I hate with most intensity
The tang of Lady Sneerwell's tongue!"

Even now quantity is the most noticeable thing in Mr. Strong's little book. Like most balladists he has nothing to say; but his unpardonable sin is that he only says it fairly well. Still, he is a master of the superficialities of form, and mastered by a choice and classic vocabulary in such a way as almost, at times, to make us believe that he is master of it.

Far away from Mr. Strong and Mr. Loring is the muse of Mr. Cyril Scott. There is hardly a verse of his which we certainly understand: but his elegant chains of words do truly fill the brain now and then and his rhymes are often beautiful: for example, his "Songs of Yesterday," to the right reader, succeed, by means of the fragrance and melody and suggestiveness of his words, in leaving an impression not unlike that of music too difficult for the ear, such as a bird's song. Or they might be called "songs without words," since the words are not there as a reasonable expression of emotion or thought. Thus one set of verses begins:

"When the last shades of evening fall and waft their caress Over our souls and our sighs which ascend in the night, Sad thoughts that shimmer in fragrance of former distress Bathe in the breezes sighing still of former delight,"

There is also one called "Swans," beginning:

"On the grey forsaken waters of the long dead park, Pale slanting rays of late summer sunlight smile";

which pleases, not by mere carelessness; but had Mr. Loring forced the writer to dwell more upon his poetic thought, his work would probably have been quite negligible. At least, we prefer it to Mr. MacManus, with his "Little Linnet of Boe," though if one comes uncritically to that, it may seem lyrical:

"When I was young my life was glad as Murlo's crooning stream, Each moment was a sparkling joy and every day a dream. Oh, many and many an hour I sat, while yet the sun was low, And listened to the linnet green, that waked the woods of Boe.

His verses move and seem to have true feeling in them, but they are little enough without a singer or an elocutionist; and to say this is hardly to praise.

Miss Lizzie Twigg, on the other hand, is at her best, as a lover of rhyme pure and simple. Her success may be seen in the following verse from her "Summer Time":

"Summer-time, summer-time,
Merry bells are all a-chime,
Sunlight glowing, waters flowing,
Breezes blowing, roses growing,
Happy birds are singing, singing,
Setting all the woods a-ringing.
Who can blame us if we rhyme
In the merry Summer-time."

Canon Sheehan, however, says that in her work "all is Celtic, wild, Nature in its unaffected and untouched simplicity."

Mr. O'Sullivan and Mr. Browne, neither of them a great poet, show better than any of the rest how poor a thing is a rhymer's lexicon, and how unnecessary except to writers of vers de société. Both succeed in doing without it, by their knowledge of poetry—a singular thing, as it may appear to Mr. Loring. Mr. O'Sullivan, e.g., has not only read Mr. Yeats, but has shared some gift with him. Three points are always noticeable in his verse: a clear aim, a sensitive use of words and cadences to achieve that aim, and a sometimes vague, sometimes clear, but always unquestionable effect. His "Homage" seems to us a very pretty thing:

"To the wind the trees bow,
And the sedge to the little breeze,
And my heart to you, white brow,
And deeper than these.

When the wind passes
And the little breezes die,
The sedge will be raised from the grasses,
The trees to the quiet sky.

Trees will find homage new
And the sedge unmindful be:
But my heart bows to you,
White brow, eternally."

Mr. Maurice Browne knows how to write verse, largely because he can understand Shelley and Keats. It is a pity that he published verses before he had gained a material or an attitude which he did not owe to those poets; but the derivative writing of a young lover of poetry, who can write verses like Mr. Browne, is always interesting, if not always promising.

A NON-PRANCING PROCONSUL

The Earl of Elgin. By George M. Wrong. With 19 Illustrations and a Map. (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

The subject of Mr. Wrong's biography is the late Lord Elgin, the father of the present peer, who rendered notable service to his country in Canada and the Far East, and would have done the same in India if he had lived. It is an interesting book, done in a painstaking and workmanlike manner, but it lacks that indefinable touch of distinction, both in thought and in style, which is necessary before we can give a biography a permanent place on our shelves. We miss the master hand, the definite power which would enable us to accept this as the final biography of Lord Elgin. In saying so we are conscious of something very like ingratitude to Mr. Wrong for what is really a work of many merits, not the least of them being the interesting illustrations.

It is most curious to note how much of Lord Elgin's life is topical at the present moment, even the drawback of his position as a peer of Scotland. While he

represented the borough of Southampton in the House of Commons, he succeeded to his father's Scottish earldoms of Elgin and Kincardine, and, say Mr. Wrong, "it seemed as if his political career must end, for Scottish peers think it beneath their dignity to sit in the House of Commons.' Of course they have really no choice. The Master of Elibank, who has lately taken up the subject, will be amused at this novel version of the provision in the Act of Union, and he will be interested to learn that Lord Elgin for a time actually thought of testing the legality of his exclusion from the House of Commons. This apparently trivial matter altered the whole of Lord Elgin's life. It withdrew him from party politics, and launched him at a very early age on an official career. His hard lot as a Scottish peer led Sir Robert Peel to appoint him before he was thirty-one to the difficult post of Governor of Jamaica. There he came in close contact with sugar, which is still topical; his Governorship of Canada brought him into contact with fiscal problems which still dominate us, more or less; while his two missions to China and his mission to Japan are of capital importance in the history of British relations with the Far East. Last, Dharmsala, the place where he was buried, has recently been devastated by earthquake.

From a literary point of view, however, the most interesting association of his life is his friendship with the brilliant and erratic Laurence Oliphant, who served him as secretary, and who has left delightfully entertaining accounts of Lord Elgin's fiscal mission to Washington and his diplomacy in the Far East. Mr. Wrong, who is, we believe, a Professor at Toronto University, has made full use of this material, as well as that left by Lord Elgin's other famous secretary, the late Lord Loch; of Lord Elgin's own privately printed letters; and of the biographies by Mr. Theodore Walrond and Sir John Bourinot. "Blameless" is Mr. Wrong's favourite expression for his hero's early years. At the age of ten the little wretch

"O may I set a good example to my brothers, let me not teach them anything that is bad, and may they not learn wickedness from seeing me. May I command my temper and my passions, and give me a better heart for their good."

Unfortunately there seems to have been no one to flog the young prig as he deserved. Even when, "after the blameless days at home," he was sent to the Eton of Dr. Keate (where, by the way, he had for companion a boy as "blameless"—William Ewart Gladstone) we regret to learn that "Bruce seems not to have suffered from undue severity." Afterwards he became what Mr. Wrong calls a "collegian" at Christ Church, and was elected a Fellow of Merton. He must have grown out of his early priggishness, for he showed on more than one occasion an extraordinary capacity of self-effacement, a sublime indifference to his own reputation for the moment, a contempt, born of knowledge, for public opinion, with its ignorances and its partial judgments.

When Lord Elgin went to Canada as Governor-General, the passions aroused by Papineau's abortive rising were still hot. In 1849 he was pelted with rotten eggs and even stones, and every panel of his carriage was broken; in 1854 he was probably the most popular man throughout what is now the Dominion. By declining to reserve the Rebellion Losses Bill for the consideration of the home Government, he laid the foundation of the modern theory of colonial self-government, and at this moment not only Canada but Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa are enjoying the fruits of his insight and courage. Mr. Wrong gives some striking examples of the vitriolic news-paper abuse showered on the Governor's head, and all because he passively asserted what now seems the commonplace doctrine that a constitutional Governor must act on the advice of his Ministers, whoever they may be. The infuriated loyalists, however, saw with amazement the strong measures which Lord Elgin took to crush the movement for the annexation of Canada to the United States,

and for which he was rewarded with a peerage of the United Kingdom. Nevertheless, the Governor had a great fear that annexation would one day be accomplished, and it was to stave it off that he visited Washington and concluded a reciprocity treaty with America.

In the negotiations for this treaty he showed himself a born diplomatist. Having ascertained that the great obstacle was the Democratic majority in the Senate, he entered upon a round of festivity, seemingly careless, but always directed towards a definite end:

"One day his ingenuous secretary, who was wearing himself out with lunches, dinners, and receptions, remarked innocently—"'I find all my most intimate friends are Democratic senators.'
"'So do I,' said Lord Elgin, dryly."

Laurence Oliphant describes with gusto the vast quanti-ties of champagne which flowed on these occasions, and the delight of the Democratic senators with Lord Elgin's capacity for repartee and racy anecdote. The treaty was signed at dead of night, and Oliphant says:

"There is something strangely mysterious and suggestive in the scratching of that midnight pen, for it may be scratching fortune or ruin to toiling millions. . . . I retire to dream of its contents, and to listen in my troubled sleep to the perpetually recurring refrain of the three impressive words with which the pregnant document concludes, unmanufactured tobacco, rags."

In 1857 Lord Elgin was appointed special envoy to China in view of the troubles at Canton. With courage and foresight equal to that displayed by Sir George Grey at the Cape, he took the responsibility of diverting the troops sent to support him from China to India, where his friend Canning had made known to him his need. He saw that the Canton affair could wait, but that the Indian Mutiny demanded every British soldier and sailor that could be procured, and he himself proceeded to Calcutta in H.M.S. Shannon. Says Mr. Wrong:

"Within a week a naval brigade from the Shannon, with some of her 68-pounders, was hurrying to Allahabad, where it did noble service.

. . . His forces destined for China garrisoned Bengal and relieved both Lucknow and Cawnpore. At such a crisis his 5000 men may well have saved the situation."

Of equal, perhaps even greater, interest was Lord Elgin's mission to Japan in 1858. His business was to present to the Japanese ruler a beautiful steam yacht and to conclude a treaty of commerce. Yet so profound was Europe's ignorance of Japan that Lord Elgin thought the Shogun the one supreme secular ruler. It was with him that he treated; of the Mikado he heard almost nothing; and until he went to Yedo he scarcely knew what a daimio was. It was only in 1865 that Sir Harry Parkes, by the exercise of great skill, secured the Mikado's ratification of Lord Elgin's treaty, in face of bitter hostility that still resorted to murderous attacks on foreigners. Mr. Wrong thus sums up the development of the new out of the old Tapan:

"It must indeed be admitted that the resentment of the old school "It must indeed be admitted that the resentment of the old school against the foreigner who had forced himself upon Japan was entirely natural. The end of the internal convulsions begun by the treaties was that the Shogunate itself disappeared in 1868; since that time the Mikado has been the one supreme ruler in Japan. During these changes the daimios showed a rare patriotism. Seeing that only a centralised state could cope with European aggression, they voluntarily gave up titles, privileges, and authority, to make the Mikado's government strong; the result is that the solidarity of Japan is as conspicuous now as her disunion was in 1858."

Both Lord Elgin and Laurence Oliphant found the Japanese in most respects an agreeable contrast to the They were astonished perhaps most of all at the amount of inspection and officialdom. "If my servant runs after a butterfly," writes Oliphant, "a two-sworded official runs after him." Indeed, the Japanese could imagine no one free from espionage, and when the British envoy sent a message signed "Elgin and Kincardine," they made up their minds that there were really two envoys, Kincardine being sent to watch Elgin.

In his chapter on Lord Elgin in Japan Mr. Wrong

writes as follows:

"Among the sights of Nagasaki nothing more impressed the visitors than the bathing habits of the people. After the day's work every one took a hot bath. Lord Elgin observed with some astonishment what has since surprised other visitors, the absence of the sense of modesty in some, at least, of the Japanese women, even of the upper classes. The weather was hot, and men and women alike wore but little clothing. 'To judge by the amount of clothes worn by both sexes,' says Lord Elgin, 'it does not seem that there will be any great demand for Manchester cotton goods. I cannot say what it will be in winter, but in summer they seem to place a very filial reliance on nature.' With complete unconcern ladies bathed in tubs placed in front of their houses in sight of the world, or if their bath was not so favourably situated for observation, they rushed naked and steaming from it to gaze at the strangers as they passed. 'I never saw a place where the cleanliness of the fair sex was established on such unimpeachable ocular evidence.'"

At a dinner which Lord Elgin gave to the Japanese Commissioners, the guests were puzzled by the noisy British method of honouring toasts.

"Finally they grasped the principle of this demonstration, 'When you in the West wish to honour a person especially, you roar and shout after your meals'... In illustration of this newly acquired knowledge, one of the Japanese commissioners, a grave old man, 'during a dead pause in the conversation, suddenly started to his feet and emitted a stentorian cheer, after which he sat solemnly down.'"

Of Lord Elgin's brief Viceroyalty of India it is only necessary to observe that his life was apparently sacrificed to the ignorance of his doctors. Although he suffered from weakness of the heart, they allowed him to undertake a long and fatiguing journey in the rarefied air of the Himalayas, and he naturally died before he reached Peshawar.

THE REGENT OF FRANCE

The Regent of the Roués. By Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard, D.S.O. (Hutchinson, 16s, net).

If the D.S.O. were a literary decoration we doubt whether Colonel Haggard would be wearing it. His prose style is absolutely undistinguished; he engages in no original research; he neither selects nor arranges his material well, but just throws it together, like Mr. Percy Fitzgerald or any other book-maker in a hurry. The utmost that can be said in his favour is that he is unpretentious and chooses interesting subjects. French history is never dull when treated anecdotally, and most English readers probably know just enough about it to be willing to hear more yet not enough to read in any hypercritical spirit

more, yet not enough to read in any hypercritical spirit.

The period here discussed is that of the rule of the Duc d'Orléans as Regent during the minority of Louis XV., and many interesting matters are included in the relation. Right at the beginning comes the story of the Man in the Iron Mask. The theory that he was the twin brother of Louis XIV., shut up in secrecy lest he should dispute that monarch's title to the throne was long since exploded; and though Colonel Haggard tells his story with dramatic effect he ignores in the most exasperating manner the serious contributions to the controversy of such writers as Mr. Funck-Brentano and Mr. Tighe Hopkins. We read how the Duke used a convent as a harem for the reception of his mistresses, and how the Dames des Halles held him under a waterspout because he was concerned in the monopoly which kept up the price of bread, and ultimately at his funeral "fell in fury upon the procession and put all the mourners to flight." Next come several chapters about John Law of Lauriston and his Mississippi Bubble, chapters on the outbreak of the Plague in Provence, an account of Cartouche and les méchants, and brief essays on Watteau, Montesquieu, and Voltaire. The general impression left by the picture, in so far as it has any unity, is decidedly unpleasant; but that is all to Colonel Haggard's credit. Though he is not profound as historians understand profundity, he at least is not under Burke's delusion that vice, under the pre-revolutionary régime, lost half its evil by losing all its grossness. Story after story is given to show that the vice of the period was very gross indeed. It was in this period that two married ladies—Madame de Polignac and the Marques de Nesle—not only quarrelled over the Duc de Richelieu, but fought a duel about him in

the Bois de Boulogne; and that jealous rivals hired highway robbers to cut each other's throats; and that the Comte de Charolais, anticipating the more notorious Marquis de Sade, "savagely flogged the women whom he made his mistresses, and revelled in torturing them until the blood flowed," and "helped his brother and Madame de Prie to half roast an inoffensive young lady who was their guest." It was also a period of practical jokes of the coarsest kind in the highest quarters, and, in particular, of "a most cruel and unmanly means by which to lower the pride and ruin the reputation of any well-conducted lady":

"This consisted in causing some abandoned woman in the plot to wear, at a masked ball, under her black mask, a flesh-coloured one painted with the greatest skill to represent the features of her whom it was sought to destroy. Then, in some alcove or partly lighted corner, while behaving outrageously and with an utter want of delicacy, the upper mask would, as if by accident, be knocked aside so as to enable the passers-by to recognise the face of the woman whose ruin it was purposed to accomplish."

It is for stories of this sort—and there are plenty of them, often as ungrammatically told as this—that the book is likely to be read, and is even worth reading. They show what manner of a French aristocracy it was that Burke, not knowing them, defended, and how, by the ruthless and vicious conduct of their lives they made inevitable those days of judgment which were to startle their posterity, and in which, to quote the author's concluding sentence, "all the horrid institutions of the inhuman kings were trampled in the dust, previous to the era of humanity which has since dawned for France." The pity is that the stories are strung together in a disjointed style, and so fail to produce their proper collective pictorial effect. But that is a fault that has often to be found when the books of bookmakers are presented for review.

A SAINT'S CORRESPONDENCE

Saint Catherine of Siena, as Seen in her Letters. Translated and edited, with Introduction, by VIDA D. SCUDDER. (Dent, 6s.)

It is a curious sign of the times that saints—though by no means saintship—have become the fashion. That too, strange to say, not among those whom even the most broad-minded of these holy folk would regard as of their own communion, for it is the people who have given up all beliefs who seem most strongly attracted by the beatified! The three of whom this is especially true are St. Teresa, St. Francis of Assisi, and last, not least, St. Catherine of Siena. Ludovic Halévy once wrote a very witty description of Paradise, and the present interest in some of its heavenly inhabitants might well have provided him with a further brilliant passage, for it does not require much imagination to realise with what mingled distaste and amazement such a woman, for instance, as Catherine Benincasa must feel if it be permitted her to read much which is now written about her.

A selection from the letters of Catherine—long an Italian classic—is now presented for the first time to English readers by an American lady. In a clever little introduction the translator chooses to paint her heroine from a very modern point of view, though one which is strictly within the lines of Roman Catholic orthodoxy. Excellent, too, are the small forewords to the various letters, giving vivid glimpses of the young saint's various correspondents, and incidentally of the composite society of that time.

This "unlettered daughter of the people," who only learnt to write three years before her early death, must be ranked among the great letter-writers of the world. Her correspondence reveals with extraordinary vividness, not only her own self, strange union of ecstatic mysticism and practical common-sense piety, but also the rich full-blooded romantic age in which she lived. She seems to

have been famed as a letter-writer very early in her life, for we are told that "a group of young gentlemen, devoted with a pure and passionate devotion to the Beata Populana, dedicated their time and powers to her service," and acted as her secretaries. And the fact that these dictated exhortations came through other hands, and could have been in no sense secret, does not seem to have troubled either the saint or her correspondents; while as for the "group of young gentlemen," they not only caught the fire of her ideals, but followed as far as might be in her footsteps.

The most surprising thing about Catherine's correspondence is the great difference of rank, of character, and of material circumstance in her correspondents. To the reader of these letters it becomes clear that one great secret of her amazing influence on her contemporaries was her power of personal sympathy, which is seen as strongly in a tender, playful, and yet very long letter to a little niece, as in her austere words to the romantic and depraved Giovanna of Naples, who seems to have received the chidings of the Sienese dyer's daughter with submission and respect. It is characteristic that the first letter quoted is to a young widow of noble family who, after her husband's death, assumed the habit of St. Dominic, and distributed her possessions to the poor by Catherine's advice, but retained her home in Siena, in which the saint was a constant inmate when she wished to be free from the over-crowded household of her parents, wherein she was the youngest of a family of twenty-four children. Both hostess and guest appear to have been tertiaries of St. Dominic: without having taken cloistered vows they lived in their own homes a life of special devotion. Catherine had evidently quite the upper hand of this noble widow, Monna Alessa, for she bids her make for herself two cellsthe one built with walls, so that she should not go "running about into many places," and the other a spiritual cell, "where thou shalt find within thyself knowledge of the goodness of God"; and she says of this second cell:

"From such knowledge flows the stream of humility; which never seizes on mere report, nor takes offence at anything, but bears every insult, every loss of consolation, and every sorrow, from whatever direction they may come, patiently, with joy."

Another interesting letter is written to one of her brothers who had moved to Florence after the Sienese Revolution of 1368. We gather that he had lost much money, and also that he was not very dutiful to his mother, Monna Lapa, to whom Catherine herself was ever much devoted. When the saint's life widens so that she was called away to Rome, and incessantly connected with successive Popes (Gregory and Urban) and Cardinals, State and military heroes, such as Sir John Hawkwood, who had helped Count Robert of Siena to perpetrate the "hideous massacre of Cesena," we are told that Monna Lapa did not at all like her Catherine being so swallowed up by the great of the earth.

The public life of Catherine of Siena has so long been matter of history that our readers will find the intimate details of the provincial life-story of the dyer's daughter fresher and more interesting than her appearance in European politics. Nevertheless, it is necessary to the understanding of Catherine's extraordinary force of character that her biographers should portray her as involved in the whirling intrigues of that extraordinary century. She had acquired an immense reputation for sanctity, and there seems to have been nothing astonishing to the mind of the age in the fact that Pope Gregory XI. should take her into council before he had even seen her. Christ had a following of holy women, and so had St. Paul, and Catherine made the journey to Avignon, where the Pope then was, without being considered a maniac or an impostor. Nor was Gregory the only potentate with whom she entered into communication. One of her treasured letters was actually written to Charles V. of France. Avignon was a centre of intellectual life and of European politics, and Catherine must have been quickened there to think more than ever before in large terms and on great issues. To think of a matter is always,

for her, to feel a sense of responsibility towards it; she writes, accordingly, to Charles V. urging him to make peace with his brother monarch, for so, says the maid of Siena serenely to the great King of France, "so you will fulfil the will of God and me." The story is historically well known. Catherine had her will; the Pope returned to Italy; but when reinstated in the home of the Papacy he did not fulfil the ideals of his zealous daughter and her expostulations were unpleasing to him. The letters written by her are very pathetic, and she addresses Fra Raimondo, of the Order of Preachers, who had been concerned in the negotiations, telling him to bear patiently any persecution or displeasure:

"leaving at once and going into your cell, there to know yourself in holy meditation; reflecting that God is making you worthy to endure for the love of truth and to be persecuted for His name, deeming yourself in true humility worthy of punishment and unworthy to gain results."

In March 1378, Gregory died, and was succeeded by the Archbishop of Bari, who took the name of Urban VI.—a Neapolitan by birth, of whom the Prior of Gorgone wrote to Catherine, with "alarming candour," saying: "It seems that our new Christ on earth is a terrible man," one personally virtuous but extremely harsh. Some of these historical letters are painful reading. The schism of this period must have been acute agony to her, but not for an instant does Catherine swerve from strict allegiance to the regularly-elected head of the Church.

If we turn aside from complications amid which Catherine, by her sex and age, was very sure to be made to suffer, we enter into that high spiritual region in which her nature habitually dwelt. She returned to Siena and lived among her little group of disciples "wise in the love of Christian friendship," but she continued to send letters to one and another, men and women. With Giovanna of Naples, of whom we are told that in fascination, as in evil, she anticipated the type of women of the Renaissance, the saint pleads:

"I beg you, fulfil in yourself the will of God and the desire of my soul, for with all the depth and all the strength of my soul I desire your salvation. And, therefore, constrained by the Divine Goodness which loves you unspeakably, I have moved me to write to you with great sorrow. Another time, also, I wrote to you on this same matter. . . . The love which I bear to you makes me speak with boldness: the fault which you have committed makes me depart from due reverence, and speak irreverently. I could wish far rather to tell you the truth by speech than by writing, for your salvation, and chiefly for the honour of God; and I would far rather deal in deeds than in words with him who is to blame for it all, although the blame and the reason is in yourself, since there is no one, neither demon nor creature, who can force you to the least fault unless you choose."

In October 1378, Pope Urban sent for Catherine, with whom he had been personally acquainted at Avignon, "for he desired her presence and support in the midst of the troubles which surrounded him." The "terrible man" made known his wishes through her dear friend Raimondo, a holy man who had every virtue except that of following the saint in her desire of martyrdom—a lack of courage which she found it hard to forgive. Now she had resolved not to leave her home again, as many persons, and even sisters of her own Order, thought she travelled too much. Hearing this, Urban sent her a written mandate. A large company travelled with her, certain of them being great nobles of Siena, who walked on foot in the garb of poverty; and her mother went with her and several other women. In Rome she was summoned to come to the Consistory to speak before the assembled Cardinals, and "spoke learned and at some length, exhorting all to constancy and firmness," Many things happened in that sixteen months, during which her health failed more and more; but they are not told in her letters, and it is with these that we are now concerned. Catherine died on the evening of Sunday, April 29, 1380, having accomplished great things in her thirty-three years of life, and having left in her dictated letters one of the finest manuals of practical devotion ever written by a Christian man or woman,

STRONG MEAT FOR BABES

Personal Magnetism, Telepathy and Hypnotism. By GEORGE WHITE. (Routledge, 3s. 6d. net.)

In this "practical course of instruction" Mr. White sets forth the manner in which any willing student may acquire powers over himself, over his fellow men, and even over time and space. The author deserves a compliment for the precise manner in which his title fits the book. He nowhere discusses the theoretical explanation of the wonders of which he speaks, nor does he consider the history of the subject, nor recognise the possibility of doubt or the existence of controversy on any of the matters with which he deals. He addresses the student as one would address the reader of a book on the principles of correct batting or billiards. You follow these directions and dominate all who encounter you; or those and dispense with wireless telegraphy; or others and cure children of making faces or drunkards of their vice. Similarly you may survive an over from Hirst if you will only "play a straight bat."

There is a great deal of sound empirical knowledge in the book. The author might be trusted to induce hypnosis in a difficult case; and his experience of the various methods commonly employed is obviously first-hand. Against this must be set many pages which not only tend to perpetuate a wholly erroneous terminologyas in the use of the word magnetism-but also take for granted phenomena about the existence of which even the members of the Society for Psychical Research would be inclined to differ. But our objection to this seeming-harmless little book—which is very pathognomonic (as the doctors say) of our time—is based on much graver grounds than these. This is a volume plainly destined for the general public. Now there is no harm to be expected from the occurrence of any number of attempts to acquire "personal magnetism" or to communicate on viewless wings with distant friends; but when it comes to the practice of hypnotism, the matter ceases to be jocular. Any persevering and intelligent person who followed Mr. White's directions with sufficient self-confidence could undoubtedly learn to hypnotise his or her friends. Now we are by no means prepared to maintain the doctrine that knowledge of any order should properly be confined to any class or section of the community. We should be very sorry, for instance, to accept the proposition that knowledge of this car that fact this car that the confined to t this or that fact—this or that portion of Truth—should be confined to, let us say, the medical profession. But we are too fully cognisant of the dangers-none the less real because they have been so ludicrously exaggerated—of hypnotism, to view without disquietude the prospect of having irresponsible persons let loose amongst the com-munity, armed with the power to induce states of consciousness which are certainly abnormal, if not morbid. At the present day society is in at least as much need as ever of well-balanced minds, and the supply is by no means tending to glut the market with this commodity. With every variety of functional nervous disorder increasing amongst us, we have really no use whatever for the indiscriminate practice of methods which—to say the least of it—do not tend to the greater mental stability of those who are subjected to them. The sort of book we want is one which shall teach our young men and maidens to make good use of their normal consciousnesses, without worrying about the countless abnormalities or worse that may affect especially the adolescent mind. On the whole, we anticipate that Mr. White's book will advance the personal fortunes of a few of its readers at the cost of no inconsiderable mental strain or distortion on the part of their subjects or victims. Of course we do not countenance the exploded notion which has proved so serviceable to the lower order of novelists: that hypnotic suggestion can be turned to criminal uses. The subconsciousness is the basis-in some unthinkable way-of the observed consciousness; they are 'parts of one whole; and the crime which the waking individual would shrink from will wear no more pleasing visage to the same individual during the hypnotic state, true cases of multiple consciousness apart, This raises the question of personality; to begin writing about which is to stop—in mid-subject—with aching wrist and inkless bottle, so we will desist.

A POET OF THE BOTTLE

Among those minor poets who owe a tardy resurrection to the critical acumen of Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, not the least remarkable is Thomas Randolph. That he and his work should have so long remained in obscurity, whilst the ponderous and bloody tragedies of many of his contem-poraries, with far greater claims to oblivion, should have survived, is but another instance of the malignant ill-luck which dogged his steps all the days of his life. A reason for this neglect is, however, not far to seek. Rightly or wrongly, the world has a way of taking a man at his own valuation, and Randolph has himself placed on record the low opinion he had of his poetical work. In an address to the reader, prefixed to his fine comedy, The Jealous Lovers, he wrote:

"If I find thee charitable, I acknowledge myself beholding to thee; if thou condemn it of weakness, I cannot be angry to see another of my mind. I do not aim at the name of a poet. I have always admired the free raptures of poetry, but it is too unthrifty a science for my fortune, and is crept into the number of the seven to undo the other six."

But however little he himself thought of his poems, some there were who thought a great deal of them; and when Milton read the couplet:

"A bowl of wine is wondrous good cheer, To make one blithe, buxom, and debonaire,"

he recognised a gem, which he promptly transferred to his "L'Allegro"; nor did he ever think it necessary to

acknowledge the debt.

Thomas Randolph was born at Newnham near Daventry, in June 1605, and was the second son of William Randolph of Hammes (now Hamsey) in Sussex, sometime steward of Edward Lord Zouch. He was a witty, good-natured impecunious fellow, whose worst enemies were himself and a prodigious thirst, which, like Gargantua's, came to him by nature. Thus, the Muse he most delighted to honour was "the reeling goddess with the zoneless waist"; and the supreme question of his life was how to quench his drought. He was fain to leave the solution of the problem to his wit, and that was never known to fail him when a quart of sack was to be won by it. The story goes that, whilst a student at Cambridge, he walked to London for the express purpose of seeing Ben Jonson and his cronies at their festivities in the Devil Tavern. Having exhausted his money, he dared no more than peep into the room where they were. But Jonson, hap-pening to see him, called out "John Bo-peep, come in!" He had no sooner entered the room than the unmannerly wags began to rhyme on his threadbare scholar's habit. They also told him to order his drink, and, if he could, to reply to their jests in verse. As there were four of them, he instantly answered-

"I, John Bo-peep,
To you four sheep,
With each one his good fleece
If that you are willing
To give me five shilling, 'Tis fifteen pence a-piece.'

It is said that from this time forward, Ben Jonson befriended him, and called him one of his sons.

Another instance of the poet's ready wit is related by Henry Oxinden in his Common-place Book. On one occasion Randolph found himself the butt of a company of wits. When at length they grew tired of making fun of him, one of their number changed the conversation by asking who, in the opinion of those present, was the greatest of all poets. One said Vergil, another Homer, and a third Ovid. When it came to Randolph's turn, he said he thought David was greater than all these. On being pressed for a reason for what they took to be a strange choice, he immediately answered:

"From all the ills that I have done, Lord, quit me out of hand, And make me not a scorne of fools That nothing understand."

Randolph's reputation as a poet was established once for all on the publication of "Aristippus" and the "Conceited Peddler," printed together in 1630. The former is a witty satire on university education, and incidentally a rollicking defence of tippling. Simplicius, an undergraduate who had fuddled what he was pleased to call his brains over the sophistries of the schoolmen, comes up to London "on the spree," and there falls in with Aristippus and other votaries of Bacchus. They undertake to convert him from the error of his ways. Early on the night of his initiation, it is borne in upon him that he has had as much as is good for him, and proposes to go to bed. "Do you think Nature gave stars to sleep by?" wittily asks a seasoned toper. Under such able tuition, Simplicius soon learns to appreciate "lovely woman, wine, and song" with the best of them. The piece is in prose interspersed with lyrics, some of which have a strangely Gilbertian ring about them:

"Mirandula comes, with Proclus and Somes,
And Guido the Carmelit-a
The nominal schools, and the College of Fools
No longer is my delight-a;
Hang Brerewood and Carter in Crackenthorp's garter
Let Keckerman too bemoan us:
I'll be no more beaten for greasy Jack Seaton,
Or conning of Sandersonus."

Or conning of Sandersonus."

The "Conceited Peddler" is a monologue in which the

poet makes some shrewd hits at the foibles and "lesser vices" of his day. The description of the pedlar making up his account against the courtier is an excellent piece of fooling:

"... Item, he owes me first
For an Imprimis: but what grieves me worst,
A dainty epigram on his spaniel's tail,
Cost me an hour, besides five pots of ale.
Item, an anagram on his mistress' name.
Item, the speech wherewith he courts his dame,
And an old blubber'd scowling elegy
Upon his master's dog's sad exequy."

The most ambitious of Randolph's efforts, however, was the *Jealous Lovers*, a blank verse comedy, acted with great success before Charles I, and Henrietta Maria at Cambridge in 1632. The play abounds in charming phrases and the liveliest sallies of wit:

"Like morning dew, that in a pleasant shower, Drops pearls into the bosom of a flower."

There are, indeed, few more exquisite couplets out of Shakespeare than the above, whilst the graveyard scene in the last act is a good example of Randolph's more serious manner.

The scene of the Muses' Looking-glass, his next most important work, lies in the Blackfriars Theatre. Bird and Mistress Flowerdew, two Puritans who supply the theatre with feathers and such wares, are discovered talking of the abominable wickedness of stage plays. Roscius passing by overhears them, and undertakes to make them change their opinion if they will accompany him to the play which is about to be performed. They consent; and when they have witnessed the performance, which he explains to them scene by scene, they acknowledge that a play may possibly be productive of moral good. The dialogue is full of sly humour:

"BIRD. Good works are done.
MISTRESS FLOWERDEW. I say no works are good;
Good works are merely popish and apocryphal."

When Bird's conscience pricks him for earning his living by ministering to the vanities of the ungodly, he eases it with the comfortable doctrine: "'Tis fit that we, which are sincere professors Should gain by infidels."

Randolph died suddenly whilst on a visit to his friends the Staffords at Blatherwick, in March 1634-35, in his thirtieth year, having, as Thomas Bancroft quaintly expresses it, "drunk too greedily at the Muse's spring."

THE LONDON LIBRARY CATALOGUE

THE new Supplement (No. 2) to the London Library Catalogue is further proof, if such proof be needed, of the increasing usefulness of the Library to students and general readers. The little quarto volume of about two hundred pages, costing 2s. unbound, or 3s. 6d. bound, contains an astonishing amount of information, some of which we believe is not to be found elsewhere. As an illustration, we may take the Italian periodical, Archivio istorico italiano. So far as we know, its contents have never before been set out in any English catalogue, and thus hitherto it was always necessary to consult the index volumes to the various series, too expensive for one's private library, and so entailing a visit to a public institution. In the catalogue before us the contents are set out in detail in alphabetical order. They serve in many instances as a subject index: we note such headings as Templars; Sumptuary Laws; Florence, under which is found everything in the Archivio relating to the history of that city; Naples, where on consulting a cross reference, Palermo (F.), we were delighted to find a detailed list of contents of his important collections for the history of Naples, 1522-1667. It happened indeed only a few days ago that a friend of the writer wished to consult Matarazzo's "Cronaca" of Perugia, 1492-1503, and was much pleased to find on turning up the new supplement that it was contained in the Archivio. This careful setting out of the contents has, moreover, another value. There does not, as yet, exist any Italian biographical dictionary; here we find references to obituary notices of every literary man of importance who died in Italy between 1842 and 1904, with the date of death. If, then, we want to consult a trustworthy notice of, say, Manzoni, the author of the well-known "I Promessi Sposi," with this catalogue in our hands we can easily do so.

Another useful piece of work is the setting out in detail of the contents of the collections of the Imperial Russian Historical Society. It is not generally known, even to students of Russian history, that although all the titlepages are in Russian, the text is in various languages, French, English, Dutch and German. That fact is clearly indicated in the catalogue in the case of each separate publication, and thus important sources of information dealing with Russian history are made more widely available.

Again the detailed contents of the "Notices et extraits des MSS." of the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, will be welcomed by every student of history and literature, and students of comparative literary history will equally appreciate the lists of names in the "Carmina illustrium Poetarum" of Bottari (Florence, 1719-26) and the "Delitiae Italorum Poetarum" of Gruterus (Frankfort, 1608), those collections of Latin sonnets by Italian poets referred to by Mr. Sidney Lee in his introduction to "Elizabethan Sonnets" in the new edition of Arber's "English Garner." Every name, it should be noted, appears also in its due place in the catalogue with a cross reference.

The little catalogue contains much more that has interest for bibliographers and book-lovers, students and general readers; we merely indicate here some features that show its scope and value. The three thousand and one members of the London Library are to be congratulated on the possession of such tools, and the librarian, Mr. C. T. Hagberg Wright and his capable assistants have every reason to be satisfied with the results of their year's labours at cataloguing.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A LOVER AND GENTLEMAN

A flower, a kiss, a tear—and there's our life. Long flowers of doubt; short taste of fruit; the knife Of parting; then the mourning-cloths of Death. That lasts for ever.

This handkerchief I wear against my heart
Once dried a tear of yours. Now it bides here,
And shall till I am summoned to depart. . . .
How odd the things that we find comfort in!
I have picked violets—in that dreary year
When all my life was doubt—picked them because
I had the longing for you in my mind
So powerful, so painful and so sweet, it seemed
Some savour of your presence must pervade
The buds my eyes dwelt on—and so these flowers
Fading to dust within my pocket-book.

Now you have kissed me and I have withheld For a long day my lips from speech and food, To leave them yours alone till set of sun. A foolish whim. . . . But you did kiss me. Ah! What shall enshrine remembrance of a kiss Or hold its ghost from dawn to set of sun For me, who have so many hours to live, Or let my heart recall the mighty throb That came when you said "Dear!" from your deep chest

So you shed one tear
Since all was done. Then came the handkerchief . . .
Why, that's the shroud that wraps the Past. That's all
Remains for me to take some comfort in:
This is the catalogue: Some dust of flowers,
A linen cerecloth, and a vanished kiss
And all's summed up.—Save that I live in hell
And have no rest.—

But that's another mood Here we talk gently, being gentlefolk Without much show of passion, rise of breath, Quaver of voice, hard eyes, or touch of fever.

A flower, a kiss, a tear—and there's our life.

Long flowers of doubt; short taste of fruit; the knife
Of parting; then the mourning-cloths of Death.

That lasts for ever.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

CLEVERNESS AND STYLE

Ir would almost seem as though the world of letters had been nauseated with disquisitions on style during the era when Henley and Stevenson were having their day. But since they passed away there has been something in the nature of a return to the careless methods that at so many periods have characterised English writing. We have this and also a too elaborate beating-out of style, for it may be assumed as a postulate that any writer who simulates the style of another time or another people is not genuine in the strict sense of the term: that is to say, he is in the position of a twentieth-century architect who imitates a Tudor house. The imitation may be very excellent and very close, though the chances are decidedly against it; but at the best it cannot be really in the style it pretends to be in.

And in literature this is more manifest than in architec-ture. For example, William Morris in his later and less vigorous days tried again and again to produce romances written not in the language of his own day, but in that of Malory. In no case did he achieve an artistic success, because he found it simply impossible to adhere closely to the language of the Morte d'Arthur, and his narrative was interspersed with words, which, if they had not actually originated in the nineteenth century, were used with the meaning which belonged to that time. The misfortune of all this lay in the fact that William Morris had many indirect imitators, particularly those who affected to revive the Celtic element in literature. Many of them have issued old legends clothed in extravagant and archaic language which they fondly believed was something like that in which the tales might originally have been told. It may seem a sweeping assertion, but one and all of these have proved to be abject failures. It is as impossible in the twentieth century to reproduce the atmosphere of the thirteenth or fourteenth centuries as it is for a painter or a sculptor to achieve the grotesque that came so readily to the mediæval artists. In both cases the reason is plain enough, but in the latter it can be pointed out most effectively. To the mediæval artist the invisible world was full of spirits and demons. There was not a woodland that in his imagination was not haunted by them, nor was there any place or time at which they might not was there any place or time at which they might not appear. They were directly real to him, and hence he could body forth some sort of grotesque that, however it might outrage reason, convinced the imagination. The devils of Notre Dame, the figures on our cathedrals, the weird monsters that lurk under the miserere seats in old church-choirs, all these seem natural enough even to us who have passed out of the mediæval atmosphere. But when a modern attempts anything of the kind he, having no real faith in this invisible world, produces something that entirely fails to convince the spectator. This principle seems to me to apply just as forcibly to literature. No one can now write a ghost story that will interest the intelligent reader; and to that class of literature might be relegated the work of the so-called Celtic school.

Henley and R. L. S. struck out a path for them-selves that differed from that of William Morris. But time has shown that it was no more the right one than was his. What may be called Stevenson's theory of the "sedulous ape" has been thoroughly exploded; the study of old masters in literature comes to be more or less—if it is undertaken with a view to imitation—a study of their small peculiarities, and there is a very great danger that what the student produces will be merely an exercise in the manner of the master he has found most potent. With Stevenson this, indisputably, was Laurence Sterne, and a great part of his work may be and is now discounted as being but a series of essays in the manner of that great humorist. As far as his romance goes he took Scott far too much for a model and it has been said, not without truth, that the best of his stories are but slices out of the imagination of Sir Walter Scott. The method pursued by him and rigidly recommended would no doubt make a tolerable writer of any fairly intelligent man who pursued it, but it would be fatal to the production of a great writer, but it would be fatal to the production of a great writer, because after all, style at its best is the expression of a personality. It is after a man has shorn away what he has picked up from that predecessor and the other, and has learnt to confine himself purely to himself, that he has achieved something like style. This is really what is meant by those who, without much understanding, preach the doctrine of simplicity; it is a counsel of perfection to most and one that very few dare pursue, because, to be simple, that is to adhere rigidly to what is in oneself, can only bring success where there is a great personality. Lesser men could not afford to do it because of the certainty that the result would be an exposure of the nakedness of the land. We come back to the principles laid down with regard to Morris, that whatever is feigned or assumed must be to that extent false. Even the language of a writer

ought to be that of his day and of his contemporaries. No doubt, if he really be a genius or anything approaching a genius, his writing will be more refined and his language more choice than that of his contemporaries—not because of his going forth to seek fine phrases but because his genius presupposes a natural fastidiousness in the choice of words and phrases and a delight in their finest application. Unless he be a born artist in the choice and use of words, he cannot very well achieve anything remarkable in the way of style. FitzGerald's complaint, that in his later years the poet in Tennyson was destroyed by the artist, had more truth in it than is perceived at a first glance. It is not the being an artist that is wrong, but the being too conscious of it. At the moment that a writer knows that he is showing artistry in the choice of words, at that moment he ceases to be a true artist. The doctrine of Stevenson differed in a considerable degree from that of Henley; Henley was probably the less fitted by nature to become a man of letters. He was a man who began life with a most vigorous physique and also a vigorous and versatile mind. The accident that eventually deprived him of his leg drove him into the world of letters, not as a haven into which he must inevitably drift in any circumstances, but rather as a consolation to him and an occupation in his pain and distress. That he achieved so much did not prove that he was a That he achieved so much did not prove that he was a born man of letters, but that he possessed a magnificent personality and was full of pluck and courage. That Henley wrote as well as he did both in prose and verse will always be a matter of wonder, but at the same time we cannot help recognising it to be inevitable that the influence he once wielded should wane. He did not abide by the ancient ways which are the best, but set the young men of his following on paths that won some brilliant immediate successes, but in no wise could end in the immediate successes, but in no wise could end in the finding of a true and lasting renown.

Before even beginning to study English literature for the improvement of style it is absolutely necessary to have a very wide acquaintance with it, since the very best author is not perfect, and the beginner has a very curious apti-tude for imitating the weaknesses of his model. For plain narrative I do not think any English writer excels Henry Fielding, and he has worked enough of cleverness into his stories to set up two or three dozen of the modern epigrammatists. But it will be noticed that Fielding carefully and in the most masterly manner avoids what is dazzling and glittering in his fable. The note is one of easyleisureliness and tranquility, while the extremely clever portions of his sentences usually come in at the end, as though dropped by accident. However, this is real style as distinguished from the mere cleverness which many of the writers of the present day are able to achieve quite of the writers of the present day are able to achieve quite easily, though the result is often that of very shiny plate. The art of writing dialogue is a thing that stands entirely by itself, and depends not so much on accomplishments as on certain qualities of insight and sympathy and self-effacement-the power of the writer, that is to say, to forget his own individuality altogether and project himself into his characters. In some notable passages Sterne is perhaps the first of British novelists in this capacity, but his efforts are not long sustained. Next to him I should place Sir Walter Scott, who, slovenly as he was in his ordinary narrative, became a master of style the moment he could set his characters talking to each other. You never feel as you do in, say, Fielding or Thackeray, that there is a dominating influence above the characters, but each speaks as though he himself were a living and independent human being. That is where Scott is almost Shakespearean and far beyond Dumas or any of his other imitators. But, as we have said, no amount of study will enable a writer to produce living and convincing dialogue. It is a feat daily attempted both by dramatists and novelists, but the result in either case will very seldom bear close inspection. Even if it be clever the cleverness often is no more than a cloak to conceal the absence of real ability.

X. Y.

FICTION

Napoleon's Love Story. By Waclaw Gasiorowski. Translated by the Count de Soissons. (Duckworth, 6s.)

WE have read every word of this story with the greatest pleasure and interest, and Count de Soissons' claim in his brief introduction that Gasiorowski, though he does not bring into literature any new element, is a very able master of the historical romance originated by Sir Walter Scott, is entirely justified. The title alone seems a mistake; Napoleon either had no love-story or he had a good many. Here we are concerned only with his brief passion for Marie Walewska, a Polish lady who was as good as she was beautiful, and who belonged to that petite noblesse from which Gasiorowski is himself sprung. She bore the Emperor a son, Alexandre Walewski, who afterwards became French Ambassador at the Court of St. James', represented France at the funeral of the Duke of Welrepresented France at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, and achieved a certain literary reputation. He was a man with a heart of gold, high-minded, and extra-ordinarily disinterested, and it is evident, to judge by this story, that he inherited these qualities from his mother. Marie Walewska, married at twenty to a wealthy courtier of eighty, conceived a romantic admiration for Napoleon, and the story depicts in the most moving and vivid manner her feelings when she begins to understand the real meaning of the Emperor's attentions. That she yielded to him was a supreme act of self-sacrifice, for she is led by the old Polish statesman, Malachowski, to believe that she will revive by her influence the fallen glories of her country. She has a brother, a humble lieutenant, who learns of her shame, which is at the same time the explanation of his sudden promotion to a colonelcy. There is a dramatic scene between them; not only does he cast her off, but he throws in her face papers which contain damning proof of Napoleon's treachery to the Polish cause. To this Napoleon's treachery to the Polish cause. To this succeeds a picture of quiet domesticity at Schoenbrunn, and then Madame Walewska is called to the deathbed of an old playmate of her childhood, an officer named Gorayski. The Emperor is bent on the Austrian marriage, and so a guilty colour is placed on the wholly innocent visit to Gorayski, and Madame Walewska is banished to Poland. Not the least striking part of the book is her life when she returns to her aged husband's castle, and the description of his reverential adoration of her baby son whom he always calls "Imperial Highness." We have had to pass over much that is admirable, notably the scenes in Paris, the birth of the King of Rome, and the appearance of poor Eléonore Augier. But we must mention the wonderful picture of Polish society when Napoleon first appears in Warsaw—the figures of Talleyrand, de Ségur, Duroc, Prince Borghese, Davoust, and many others, mingling with the crowd of greedy courtiers and worldly-wise women, with whom Madame Walewska's native innocence and purity are strikingly contrasted. Yet the central, all-compelling figure of the book is Napoleon; whether present or absent he is the determining force, the master-spirit in whom every one is merged.

Poverty Bay: a Nondescript Novel, Illustrated by HARRY FURNISS and written by the Artist. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

"It isn't the waistcoat that I look at. It is the heart," said Mr. Sampson Brass. In "Poverty Bay" the illustrations are the waistcoat; the letterpress the heart; and the book is the man. We have felt his pulse, carefully tested his heart, and we are inclined to differ from Mr. Brass. We think the waistcoat the better part. Mr. Harry Furniss takes the case of a boy born of a mother who develops paralysis and of a father who neglects him; and he traces the effect on the man's development of the boy's isolation. Left to himself, with an income sufficient to keep him in comfort, "Mole" shuns society; becomes an anchorite; considers all men rogues, all women intellectually paralysed

automatons. Suddenly he discovers the necessity for a holiday; he chooses Redcliff Bay, and we are launched into the story. Redcliff Bay proves to be no bay at all. Formerly there was a bay, smugglers infested its shores, and it was a wicked place ("a damned wicked place and no mistake," says that "truculent-looking, flush-faced, common fellow," mine host of the Sailor's Rest), from which the sea receded, presumably from very shame. The chief character, who relates his adventures, chances upon a notice-board advertising a residence for sale, together with a ghost which haunts its precincts. Anxious for diversion, he buys the ghost. Scornful of psychical societies, he . . . But we will not betray Mr. Furniss' secrets: Suffice it to say that the hero, "a rich, reticent, unimpressionable bachelor," marries the ghost. "Poverty Bay" is not a badly written book; but it is tedious in parts, the conversation is occasionally stilted and unnatural, and it would have gained considerably by elision and compression. Bitumen, the talented but victimised artist; Mr. Larkin, incubator of bon mots and jeux d'esprit; and "B.B.," a brilliant athlete who fails miserably in the commercial world, are sketched with some cleverness; and a few of the illustrations are excellent.

Rose of Lone Farm. By ELEANOR G. HAYDEN. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

MISS HAYDEN is already favourably known for her charming sketches of rustic life and character, a field of study in which she has proved herself a keen and sympathetic observer. She has a happy way of letting her people explain themselves. Rarely intervening with suggestions or interpretations of her own, she allows the reader to make their acquaintance at first hand, as it were; and amusing acquaintances many of them prove to be. Rose of Lone Farm is an attractive girl, a rose in June, one among thousands of others to be found in England's garden of girls. Lovely and innocent-minded of course, she is, we may add, more ignorant of evil than would be possible to any intelligent being living among plain-spoken, scandal-loving neighbours. However, it suits the author's purpose that Rose should be blind to a danger that justifies village comment - and so drift perilously near to social shipwreck. Upon the death of her father, Farmer Chilton, there arises a mystery about her birth, and Rose sets forth to wander over the country in search of a tramp woman, who may be her mother. The feelings that prompt this step are most proper, dutiful, and admirable in theory, but when they are reduced to practice it is sad to record that our sympathies take flight. That the dainty, sheltered Rose should sleep under hedges or in workhouses and foregather with wayside tramps on the chance of finding a particular woman, vexes the reader, the more that the search leads to nothing. The part of the story concerning Rose's parentage is ill-conceived, and too strange for acceptance by the least exacting novel-reader of to-day. Moreover, Miss Hayden does not deal with it with the firm assured touch she brings to her treatment of village life. There she is upon familiar ground, and we follow her with admiration and sincere pleasure; most of these portraits are lifelike, and one or two are strikingly good. The love-story of Esau, the "fogger," with its mingled tragedy, humour and pathos, is one of the best things of its kind we have read for some time. It is not only a contrast to the main story, it outshines it—a bright little jewel that deserved a setting of its own. In spite of inequalities of interest and workmanship, there are many delightful pages to be found in "Rose of Lone Farm."

The Marquis's Eye. By G. F. BRADBY. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

PERCY PATTLE who calls his mother Mumkin, and whose Mumkin calls him Pudge, takes a deep interest in poultry, good work and the poor, and has an unfortunate cast in his eye—unfortunate for a period only, since therein lies his ultimate salvation. For at the suggestion of his

sprightly Aunt Sophia who lives in wicked Paris he pays a visit to Dr. St. Simon, and that eminent specialist removes his affliction and substitutes the roving eye of a dashing Marquis. That eye is irresistible; and Percy is translated, like any Bully Bottom. Something of the Marquis' impetuous nature comes to him with his eye. He captures the heart and hand of Bella Chorley by easy storm, slaps the curate's face crying "Bah! sacrée culotte," and even nudges his reverend cousin the Bishop in the ribs, whispering in his astonished ear "Ah, vieux farceur." Mr. Bradby tells his story seriously and simply, with no capering and thumps on the back: he makes each point neatly and never runs a joke to death, or strains after effect. So we read his book on a chuckle from start to finish and lay it down with a laugh.

The Spurs of Gold. By Joseph Brown Morgan and James Rogers Freeman. (Melrose, 5s. net.)

This is a pleasant tale, woven of romance and chivalry. Hotspur and King Henry, with some dark threads of the persecution of the Lollards running through it. The hero, Walter Grafton, who fights his way upwards and gets the golden spurs, is a hero for young people, generous and brave and worthy of the beautiful Lady Mabelle whom he wins after fighting and suffering. We can recommend it as honest, wholesome reading for those still in the delightful years

"When every tree is green, lad, And every lass a queen,"

There is just that touch of soberness and self-sacrifice necessary to moderate the glamour of the heroic times, but it cannot truthfully be said that either of the joint authors has won his spurs in historic fiction. It is difficult to follow in the steps of Sir Walter Scott, Bulwer Lytton or Mr. Shorthouse. Not every one can draw the bow of Ulysses.

THE DRAMA

"THE NEW FELICITY" AND "ONE DAY MORE" AT THE STAGE SOCIETY

It would be interesting to know exactly for what reason the Incorporated Stage Society decided to produce The New Felicity. Conceivably they suspect the author, Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema, of being a pioneer, of wishing to widen the field of the playwright's operations and of having, in her piece, attempted to prove that in one direction at least this could be done. For the possibility of the intention there is, at first sight, something to be said. Miss Alma-Tadema has styled her piece a "comedy," and has chosen as its central figure a man who values more than anything else in life what he conceives to be his work, his mission. In other words, she has tried, perhaps, to extract true—or, as it is technically termed, "high"—comedy from a character which, in that it is abnormal, is usually not called upon to yield it. The aim, if it actually existed, was intelligent and laudable enough, but it is one which has not yet been, and probably never will be, realised. For the essence of all true comedy is sympathy, and sympathy can only exist with understanding. With a weakness which we do not understand we cannot sympathise; and, if we do not sympathise, we are unable to gain from the manifestation of it the kindly amusement which comedy should give. It is on this account that writers of true comedy have always dealt with normal characters—with characters, that is to say, whose weaknesses are common to mankind and require no explanation before they can be understood. But not until they have been thoroughly explained—not until their root has been traced to and has been shown to exist in a common humanity—do the weaknesses of the abnormal evoke our sympathy; and the difficulty, perhaps the

impossibility, of giving the explanation convincingly yet incidentally—for it of course would be the means and not the end—will probably always prevent them from being matter for true comedy. Matter for false, for "low" or satirical, comedy they have always been; for, if to laugh with them it is necessary to understand them, to laugh at them it is unnecessary to do so. Only, indeed, when they are actually not understood, is it possible to laugh at them at all.

But, if at first sight it seems possible that The New Felicity is ambitious, consideration weakens rather than strengthens the impression. For in itself the play is not a comedy at all. It is, if anything, a serious play of confused and unintelligible drift, in which the central figure has been treated farcically. The reason of this treatment, though it cannot be determined, may not unprofitably be discussed. Miss Alma-Tadema laughs at Cyprien de Steyne, but her laughter is not mirthful. There is in it some resentment and some bitterness. One feels that, if she had had it in her power, she would not have laughed at him at all—that she would have withdrawn the velvet glove and would have attacked him in some fashion more direct. In her championship of the three women whom he treats in so egoistical and blackguardly a manner there is an earnestness which cannot be mistaken. The impression gathered, though it cannot be substantiated, is that, in her eyes, Cyprien stands for all the men who, because they are inspired and enslaved by an idea, are comparatively neglectful of their women, and whom in consequence she hates and despises for what she interprets as brutal and deliberate selfishness. But the portrait of Cyprien, as a representative of the type, is fundamentally untrue. Stripped of its mirthless humour, it is a bitter and an unjust caricature. Miss Alma-Tadema is tilting at a windmill. Were it the knight she takes it for—did she understand her central figure—she would have been able to write the serious play which she seems originally to have planned. But Cyprien and his fellows are to her not men but monsters; and it was inevitable that, with so grotesque and superficial a conception, she would find herself obliged to attempt a comedy, and that, when the comedy was written, it would prove to be not true but false. For the sympathy and intuition which alone would have enabled her to treat her central figure seriously would alone have

made it possible for her to laugh, not at but with him.

Mr. Joseph Conrad's One Day More deals with three undisciplined spirits of the sea and with a young girl in their midst. There is the blind frenzied father who bullies her and makes her life a misery, the crazy old fellow who talks to her about the long-lost son whom he declares shall marry her and make her happy, and the son himself who though he returns at last leaves again at once and takes hope with him. The elemental little play is very fine but very painful, and was most admirably acted.

FINE ART

BRITISH PAINTERS AND PARIS SALONS

IF, as M. Paul Villars said at Aberdeen some two months ago, every Frenchman looks upon himself as an honorary Scotchman, then common courtesy demands that the Scotchman, in turn, shall regard himself as an honorary Frenchman. Of what is becoming to them in this respect, and of the advantages accruing to those who thus happily are possessed of a dual nationality, the painters in the North seem in no wise neglectful. So it comes about that the English visitor, curious to see how his fellow countrymen are represented in the Paris salons, finds that representation given over almost exclusively into the hands of Scotchmen. Of English painting, whether Academic or unacademic, there is a lamentable scarcity in either section of the Grand Palais. In the new salon Burlington

House has but three representatives, Mr. H. W. B. Davis, Mr. Alfred East, and Mr. Sargent—an American; in the old there is a solitary Academician, Mr. Orchardson—a Scotchman. And if the official art of our country is thus poorly represented in Paris, if one misses Mr. Clausen, Mr. Brangwyn and other of the younger members of the Academic fold, still more deeply must one deplore the absence of our unofficial art, of Mr. Conder, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. C. H. Shannon, and other English contributors to the International, of Mr. Wilson Steer, Mr. Orpen and their fellow stalwarts of the New English Art Club.

To the nationally patriotic Englishman—if such there be-it is poor consolation to say that in either salon it is as easy to find Scotch painting as it is difficult to find English. Indeed, the most casual visitor to the Grand Palais can only with difficulty be blind to the presence, among the seven thousand and more exhibits, of two distinct and foreign schools of painting, the Scotch and the Spanish. Well-nigh every nation under the sun helps to swell the truly awful total of works in this annual debauch of art. Here you will find paintings from South America as well as Here you will find paintings from South America as well as North, from Russia and from Italy, from Germany and Norway. All nations are represented, and individual works may occasionally remind you of the fact. But only two nations are strong enough to impress you by their collective exhibits. Never do you catch yourself saying: "That looks like a Norwegian painting," or, "I wonder if the man who did that is a Brazilian." But again and coain you find yourself guessing and guessing rightly, that again you find yourself guessing, and guessing rightly, that some painting has a Scotch or a Spanish origin. It is not easy to say what it is that causes one to recognise the family likeness among the members of these two distinct schools. There is something beyond the fierce gaiety and almost reckless brilliance that betrays the Spaniard, something more than a common austerity and reserved dignity that distinguishes the Scotchman. The fact remains, and one sees it most clearly at Paris, that there are to-day two strongly national schools of painting, the Scotch and the Spanish.

To detect the common characteristics of our Northern painters is perhaps an easier task amid the cosmopolitan gathering of the Grand Palais than in less foreign and more homely surroundings. In London one is apt to note the differences between a Lavery and a Guthrie; in Paris one is more impressed by their resemblances. Mr. Lavery is, of course, an Irishman by birth, but one may surely claim that he is a Scotchman by adoption; nor would it perhaps be unduly rash to prophesy that the curators of posterity's art-galleries will affix to his work the irrevocable label of "Scotch School." That such Scotch painters as Sir James Guthrie, Messrs. Lavery, George Henry, and Austen Brown should be so well represented in the new salon is possibly not a matter for any great surprise. M. Rodin, who is one of the most influential vice-presidents of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, is president of the International Society, and the International, it will be remembered, has always been well-supported by what is loosely called the Glasgow School. To find, with the sculpture of M. Rodin that one has already seen at the International, "Glasgow" paintings one has also seen before at the International is, then, what one might very well expect. (And here one may add how delightful it is to see again such charming works as Sir James Guthrie's Miss Jeanie Martin and Mr. Lavery's Polymnia.)

Nor is it surprising to see at the old salon Mr. Orchardson's portrait of Sir Samuel Montagu—Mr. Orchardson has always been a great favourite in France, where his talent first met with its due appreciation—or even Mr. R. W. Allan's clear and breezy seascapes. The contributions from Messrs. Alexander Roche, T. Coutts-Michie, and F. H. Newbery one would have thought more likely to be found at the new salon; but the great surprise—and a very pleasant one it is—which the Société des Artistes Français has prepared for the benefit of the British tourist, is the honour it has awarded to Mr. James Kay, a young Glasgow painter who finds himself famous in Paris before

he is known in London. Strangely enough, because it is a great seaport, Glasgow, while giving us many admirable portrait-painters and charming landscapists, has as yet failed to produce a great marine painter. Indeed the Clyde has been shamefully neglected by the artists on her banks, and this neglect Mr. Kay has set himself to repair. Needless to say, the river with her varied shipping, her grey waters running sullenly below a pearl or leaden sky, presents to the artist of taste arrangements as decorative, harmonies as beautiful, as the Thames ever showed to Whistler, or the Seine at Honfleur to Boudin. It is more pertinent to remark that Mr. Kay has very worthily been awarded a medal for his vision of La Clyde, a sound piece of painting and a very faithful rendering of the bustle and leaden dignity of the Second City of the Empire.

Another British painter of growing reputation in France but as yet practically unknown on this side of the Channel, is Mr. J. W. Morrice, a Canadian from Montreal. In one sense Mr. Morrice is essentially a painter's painter; that is to say he excels in qualities that will appeal most readily to his brother artists. The surface quality of his actual pigment is always a pleasure to look upon, his delicate and dainty sense of colour rivals that of Mr. Conder, with whom, perhaps, more than any other artist, Mr. Morrice could claim kinship. But Mr. Morrice is no imitator, he is an original artist, who to the gifts already mentioned adds one for decorative and effective arrangement. That his work is attracting notice in Paris is proved not only by the fact that for the second year in succession one of his exhibits at the new salon has been purchased by the French Government for the Musée du Luxembourg, but also by reason of his being already an influence in the quartier. Though it is by no means a mere imitation of his work, there are distinct traces of the felicitous influence of Mr. Morrice in the surface quality and rich, delicate colour of Mr. Stephen Haweis' Paysage d'or, a decorative little "landscape with figures" of charming sentiment. But though, as in the case of Mr. Haweis, one finds here and there a worthy, if little known, exponent of English painting, the fact remains that, in so far as British art is concerned, the Scotch dominate the salons, new and old.

It would be outside the scope of this article to discuss at any length the contributions of other nations to the Paris salons. Brief reference has already been made to the Spanish painters, and it may be added that these include besides Zuloaga, whose art the International Society has already made well known to London, that delicate colourist, Anglada, the sunny, almost rollicking realist, L. R. Garrido, and the graver, more reserved painter, Ramon Casas, who sends to the new salon a life-sized equestrian portrait of the King of Spain.

Among the Italians there is no one to equal Boldini, who in addition to two characteristically dashing and alluring portraits of women, shows at the Beaux Arts a masterly portrait of a man, vividly real but not without a certain dignity, the painting a marvel of accurately expressed textures.

Of the French painters the number alone would preclude individual notice, though it seems necessary to record that to M. J. C. Cazin is paid the honour of a special exhibition in which are hung a large number of his low-toned land-scapes and Biblical illustrations. But, speaking generally, the mass of French painting reminds one not, as does the Academy, that portrait-painting is a lucrative profession, but that the object of the art is the decoration of rooms and buildings. The great number of huge canvases, labelled "Acquis pour l'Etat," or bought by various municipalities for various public buildings, shows one how differently painting is viewed in Paris and in London, how essentially public on effect it is those how essentially how essentially public an affair it is there, how essentially private here.

ART SALES

On Wednesday, 21st inst., Messrs. Christie sold a number of engravings of the Early English school, from various sources. A few realised good prices: "Guinea Pigs" and "Dancing Dogs," after Morland, by T. Gaugain, 130 gs. (Vokins); "An Airing in Hyde Park," after E. Dayes, by T. Gaugain, 132 gs. (Sabin); Lady Charlotte Greville, after Hoppner, by J. Toung, 170 gs.; General Hyde Park," after A. Buck, by Wright and Ziegler, 50 gs. (Vaughan). A proof of "Le Baiser Envoye," after Greuze, by C. Turner, sold for 45 gs. (Sabin), Messrs. Christie also, on the same day, disposed of objects of wirth from various sources, and a small collection of coins and medals, formerly the property of Mr. W. Norman Frunival, of Stone, Staffs. A miniature of a lady, by A. Plimer, sold for 155 gs. (A. Wertheimer); and the lid set with an enamel portrait of a lady, bit of 155 gs. (A. Wertheimer); and the lid set with an enamel portrait of a lady, bit of 156 gs. (A. Wertheimer); and the lid set with an enamel portrait of a lady, bit of 156 gs. (Cemple).

At Messrs. Glendining's sale of a collection of violins, a very fine 711 gs. (Temple).

At Messrs. Glendining's sale of a collection of violins, a very fine 5 gravity (121), in good preservation and tone, realised £550 (Meier). A violin by Joseph Guarnerius, formerly the property of Stradivarius (121), in good preservation and tone, realised £550 (Meier). A violin by Joseph Guarnerius, formerly the property of Stradivarius of Cremona, for £150 (Cartwright).

On Thursday Messrs. Christie sold a collection of old English plate, the property of the late Rev. Edmund Lord. A large salver, engraved in the centre with a coat of arms, the border chased with branches of flowers, realised £45 tos. (Letts): a William III. plain talker, John Thomas Parr, with flat cover, secol handle £45 gs. (Malett): a pair of fine flat property of the late Rev. Edmund Lord. A large salver, engraved in the centre with a coat of arms, the border chased with branches of flowers, poly 50 gs. (Barton) and a pair of blo

MUSIC

VARIATIONS

THE form of variations upon a theme has been up to the present the most long-abiding as well as the most long-suffering of all classical forms. Its birth is almost coeval with that of pure instrumental music, and variations of one kind or another were among the first of the thoroughly individual forms which music for sets of viols or for keyed instruments achieved. In the early days of instrumental music, when the first requirement was to supply in the music itself that element of coherence which the words supplied to choral music, the most natural and simple device that could be found was to fix upon one definite and therefore easily remembered musical phrase, and to reiterate it, preserving its general structure, but varying its detail to avoid monotony. In the course of evolution a group of phrases making a complete tune took the place of a single one, and the variations became more elaborate, so that the form was thoroughly established and perfectly understood well before the time of Bach. at which it had arrived is well illustrated by Pachelbel's "Hexachordum Apollinis," published in 1699, when both Bach and Handel were fourteen years old, and therefore well before they had begun to exercise an influence upon contemporary music. The title-page is set forth quaintly, as follows:

"HEXACHORDVM APOLLINIS
SEX ARIAS Exhibens
Organo pneumatico vel clavato cymbalo
Modulandas
Quarum singulis suae sunt subjectae
VARIATIONES
Philomusorum in gratiam
adornatum
Studio ac industria
Joannis Pachelbel etc."

Each one of these "Ariæ" is a tune in simple "binary" form; that is, it consists of two phrases, and therefore illustrates in the most primitive manner the principle of balance of which I spoke in my last article as essential to musical form. Each phrase ends with a cadence, either perfect or imperfect, and is directed to be repeated, so that there is every possibility of retaining the tune in mind during the variations that follow. To modern ears it is not difficult to do so, since the variations are all purely rhythmic, the main structure of the harmony and melody remaining intact. For example, the tune being announced in crotchets, there is generally a variation in semiquavers, another in triplets, a third in some broken or syncopated rhythm, the most florid coming last. In fact it is simply the process which Handel adopted, and which in the hands of later and lesser composers has brought the whole variations form into disrepute. Bach was by nature such a supreme master of counterpoint that even his early "Partitas," which show the influence of his predecessors most strongly, are not so tied to single rhythms throughout. His thought was necessarily so polyphonic that merely to embroider a melody with passing notes of smooth and facile rhythm could never satisfy his inventive power, to say nothing of his strong musical vitality. But it is surprising how much of this ringing of the changes on rhythms is to be found in the variations of Haydn and Mozart. The same alternations occur over and over again, touched with the genial humour of Haydn or the refined grace of Mozart, but applying the same methods and limiting the scope of each variation to the exact number of bars of the original theme as strictly as did Pachelbel. The only extension is often found in the coda, the outcome of the development of Sonata form, which enabled the composer to break through his shackles and display his own originality. The variations in the last movement of Mozart's quartet in D minor (Peters Ed. No. 2) are a close parallel to those of Pachelbel, if one allows for the fact that they are played on four stringed instruments instead

of an "Organum Pneumaticum." Nowhere is a really new idea introduced; the first variation is merely the tune in semiquavers with passing notes and arpeggios played by the first violin-just what Pachelbel would have written, could his "Organum" have responded so readily to his touch as does the fiddler's bow. The second contains some cross accents and triplet semiquavers, the third a rhythm of broken quavers, the fourth a major version of the tune, and the last is really little more than a repetition of the theme slightly extended. Nevertheless, these old variations did great and important service in the develop-ment of the Sonata and kindred forms. Their study showed composers how they might reintroduce their themes with additional points of interest. Look at the little demisemiquaver passage, which embroiders the second half of the theme of the slow movement of the "Jupiter" symphony. This second half, built of phrases similar to those of which the first half is composed, was necessary for formal reasons, but mere repetition would have been dull. Mozart's intimate acquaintance with the form of variations suggested to his mind an appropriate and graceful figure of adornment, making it instinct with life. But when such lessons had been learnt and such phrases had become the common property of every tyro in composition, to go on writing variations of such a type was worse than useless; the form became practically

It was Beethoven who took in hand the task of rejuvenating it, but he did so with infinite labour, and the steps by which he arrived at completion of the new form were slower than those towards the perfection of Sonata. To trace Beethoven's progress in writing variations is practically to follow the transition from the old to the new. Starting where Mozart left off, he produced several sets in which there is very little which is at all new. The largest of these is the set of thirty-two variations on a theme in C minor for piano. A cursory analysis of these will show how rarely he does more than adorn the theme with fresh rhythms, but a few points are significant of new developments, two of which I wish specially to notice. to be found in Variations V. and IX. The first of these is, within its narrow limit of eight bars, a very consistent development of one fragment of the theme, i.e., the last bar but one. In the last few bars of the variation this fragment is, as it were, pressed together with close following imitations which heighten the emotion and double the intellectual interest. This is the method of Beethoven's Sonata form applied to variations, and it gives us the clue as to how this renewing of the worn-out variations form was effected. Just as the old variations had done service in the creation of the Sonata, so now Beethoven, holding the Sonata as it were in the hollow of his hand, began to use its resources of thematic development in constructing variations. Another of these resources is employed in Variation IX., where new and poignant harmonies, giving fresh colour without altering the formal structure of the variation, are superimposed upon the original ones. This illustrates very well the use of harmony as an element in musical colour. If we turn on from these early attempts to Beethoven's most finished product in this form, the thirty-three variations on a waltz by Diabelli, we see the logical and complete outcome of this method of applying all the resources of Sonata form to variations. Here each number is a clearly-cut picture of some aspect of the theme; Beethoven no longer tries to retain all the main attributes in each variation; he fixes on but one at a time and emphasises that, giving each variation the impress of its own special individuality. In the first the stately rhythm of the waltz gives place to the measured tread of the march. It is the outline of the tune which is retained, both harmony and rhythm being boldly developed upon new lines. Variation II. retains the main harmony with a new melodic figure, and new colour is interweaved very much in the same manner as in the ninth variation of the C minor set. To attempt analysis or even rough enumeration of the methods applied would of course be impossible;

the point to be noticed is the way in which Beethoven selected his means. Each variation made a clear picture in his own mind, both of the kind of emotion it was to embody and of the type of means, whether of harmony, melody or rhythm, which should be employed. The result is that each variation becomes in itself a perfect little lyric, whereas taken as a whole they are an exhaustive treatise upon all the intellectual and emotional aspects of the theme. Taken separately, such variations have much the same effect upon the mind as have the characteristic piano pieces of Schumann, such as the Carnaval, Papillon, or Albumblätter, while taken together they have something of the intellectual interest of the Sonata. Something, not all; for the form can never possess the possibilities of contrast which the appearance of the second subject of Sonata form gives. It is essentially the development of one idea, balanced and contrasted with different aspects of itself. It is impossible to mention the latest developments which the form has received at the hands of the great moderns, of whom those who have done most for it are Schumann and Brahms; and the most important outcome of the revival of the form, namely variations for orchestra, I dare not even touch upon. Only one word I would say further, and that is to deprecate the tendency of certain modern composers to confound the form of variations with the loose and unsatisfactory one of "Fantasia."

The quality that gives charm alike to the daintily woven patterns of the old classics and to the perfect miniatures of the later Beethoven, of Schumann and Brahms, is the clear-cut distinctiveness of each variation from its companions. The attempt to fuse variations together, to hide the joining-places, converts them from a series of pictures into a conglomerate mass without form and void. It forces comparison with the more subtly wrought form of the Sonata, a comparison which must be unfavourable to variations, whereas, it rightly understood, they present a type of beauty, both intellectual and emotional, unshared by any other form of art, either literary or musical.

CORRESPONDENCE

WHY AUTHORS SHOULD GO INTO TRADE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

Sir,-Your witty forecast of what may follow from the fact that Sir,—Your witty forecast of what may follow from the fact that "authors of the most artistic reputation are beginning to make terms with the spirit of the commercial age in which they live " is perhaps more likely to be realised than you imagine. For what author with brains enough to become popular is likely to refrain from seeking more lucrative occupation than novel-writing, now that Free Libraries are so worked as to deprive popular wholesome novelists—perhaps the most beneficent class on earth—of more than half their accustomed

I make no complaint: I merely hint a sad fact. It is a delightful thing for the swarming hard-working middle classes to have the best and most improving fiction of the world always "on tap"—for nothing. No wonder librarians can proudly point to such huge "appreciation of the lending department"—always due, by the way, mainly, if not wholly, to a copious supply of novels! But what is clearly a boon to the public is virtually ruin to the leading producers of those years begin of those very books.

of those very books.

In a few years time, if the present system continues, not a novelist with brains enough to earn a living at anything else will be writing novels (excepting, perhaps, as a recreation, just as "John Strange Winter" formerly made her notable toilet preparations to which you refer). No, these gifted artists, to whom all the world owes continual pleasure, will either be writing clever, mischievous, risky books that even predatory library committees dare not take, or they will be getting a living proportionate to their talents at something else. It is comparatively easy to write "screedy" or "doubtful" books; but, as a choice of evils, some authors would rather sell soap. That at least makes for cleanliness!

makes for cleanliness! A man or woman who can write popular novels necessarily knows more of human nature and has more common sense and ability than the average person, and is not likely to sit down and starve because times change—though many may suffer sorely while adjusting themselves to the new order of things. It is, of course, always sad when a profession will not last out the natural lifetime of its most honoured members. But "progress"—especially the "progress" expressed in giving the masses a complete education in modern novels, free of all cost-is not to be had without hurting some one or another. Is it not

cost—is not to be had without hurting some one or another. Is it not the common sequence of "progress"?

Perhaps you will say, why this outburst? Sir, I think you will find, if you institute impartial inquiries, that practically all Free Libraries, have been compelled, in order to avoid utter collapse, to dower their shelves copiously with the best—or rather the most popular—modern novels. By this course, and by this alone, have the people at large been induced to make use of the means of self-culture so lavishly thrust upon them, with the best intention in the world, by well-meaning enthusiasts. If Free Libraries had had to win support on their merits—unaided by novels and Mr. Carnegie—how many would be open to-day? Those that could survive would be doing good work, of course, and would be valued centres for students, instead of being importance.

importance.
As it is, the modern popular novel furnishes the alluring bait, and the grim effect is that the popular novelist can no longer sell the intermediate editions of his books which but a few years ago constituted the greater part of his income—and the pleasanter part, as there was no fresh creative work to do for it. To-day, though he may sell better than ever at 6s., he will not sell enough to pay expenses if he produces editions at 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 2s. or ss. He can only sell in a cheap edition at 6d., yielding but a pittance to the author, and even that at the cost of much prestige. The bulk of the faithful readers, a cheap edition at 6d., yielding but a pittance to the author, and even that at the cost of much prestige. The bulk of the faithful readers, who once eagerly bought each work when published at intermediate rates, are now the backbone of the Free Libraries, and have already read the novel in 6s, form—for nothing! They no longer accumulate little shelves of this or that author at 2s. 6d. They can read every one now in the original edition, and at any time, simply by asking at the Free Library. If the latest novel is not yet in stock they have only to repeat inquiries a few times. Then the watchful committee, ever anxious to encourage good reading, will buy the book from some remainderman.

inquiries a few times. Then the watchful committee, ever anxious to encourage good reading, will buy the book from some remainderman, or from Smith or Mudie's surplus stocks, for a tiny price (of which no part will reach the author), and henceforth the Free Library frequenter can browse for ever on the bright author's brains—for nothing.

This is no fancy picture—it is what is happening more or less all over the kingdom. The creative worker is being surely sweated out of comfortable existence, on one side by the philanthropic socialism which uses his work for nothing, and on the other by clever trusts which narrow his market and force down his prices to hack rates unless he is very much "in the air." At present this precious Free Library policy does not hurt the new author—indeed it is a temporary advantage to him, as he gets more widely and more quickly known

Library policy does not hurt the new author—indeed it is a temporary advantage to him, as he gets more widely and more quickly known than under former conditions. It is only the tried and valued experts who are squeezed out of accustomed earnings, by their very success in winning admirers through their consummate art!

Is it any wonder if these turn to other pursuits? It is all very well with Mr. Barrie, who had luck with plays, and with "John Strange Winter," who chanced to have the power of making effective toilet preparations, which are least as necessary to the world as light reading. But what of the others? It is a serious outlook for them unless they are content to earn less and less.

Of course, I am aware that many other subtle influences have

Of course, I am aware that many other subtle influences have affected the book market during the last decade; but I think I could demonstrate, if it were worth while, that the Free Library policy of exploiting modern novels has done far more than everything else put together to reduce the status and earnings of our most desirable novelists, and to drive them either into sensationalism or into trade.

As I said before, I make no complaint, but I suggest very seriously that a policy which penalises the tried expert and unduly favours the

newcomer (who may never become an expert and unduly ravours the newcomer (who may never become an expert) is not likely to ensure a supply of high-class fiction in years to come.

It would be a slight; relief if Free Library committees refused to admit any work of fiction that had not been published, say, twenty years. That would give the author time to make his harvest out of it before being robbed. But would it leave Free Libraries with any frequenters?

MEREDITH AND BROWNING AND THE CRITICS To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With admirable candour your correspondent, "A Man in the Street," has unbosomed himself of certain burning thoughts about Meredith and other writers. It is of the first half of his letter, that is to say, the half that deals with Mr. Meredith, that I should like to say a few words. Your correspondent, by his own admission, has travelled much and lived in many countries. He seems to claim that this is the sort of life that would bring him into contact with the class of people likely to study a novelist and poet so obviously philosophical as George Meredith. I have not hitherto imagined (and some little experience has not vastly changed my opinion) that steamers, colonies or foreign countries were the places in which one was likely to meet the deeper students of our English literature. It is hard, for instance, to imagine a gentleman living in Nicaragua whose only interest was the literature of Kirkcudbright. People on steamers naturally enough read nothing but the lightest books; people in colonies are fighting with Nature for existence much too hard to allow as yet of the entrance of Art, and therefore do the same (if they read at all); and people in foreign countries are not generally experts in strange literature. people in foreign countries are not generally experts in strange litera-tures. I should have thought your correspondent's life was exactly the one that would have kept him from the best literary society. How-ever, we are told that he once met at dinner three members of Parlia-ment (one an ex-Cabinet Minister) and two editors of London daily papers. Here at last was the chance of a lifetime; here was the final

court of appeal of literature. In front of him were five men, editors of papers and members of Parliament. For all I know, one may have been a baronet; probably all were large, solemn men who constantly cleared their throats before speaking. At last the crucial time arrives: "Gentlemen, have any of you ever read right through any novel of George Meredith's?" For a moment there is silence save for preparatory throat sounds. Oh! horrid question! Of what opinion is he who asks? They look at him—and exchange significant glances. In all likelihood it is the ex-Cabinet Minister who is the first to speak. In a second the indignation against "that mountebank" is what is called "righteous." That is to say, it seizes hold of small points and distorts them according to the imagination of the speaker. They are all agreed, and look fiercely round. (Such dinners end with a large amount of port.) Meanwhile "A Man in the Street" has irrevocably taken his side. I suspect a strong bias against the poor author's books before they are opened. "None so blind as those that will not see," says the adage. Let me assure your correspondent that at last he hears of a person who has read all Mr. Meredith's novels, and who still reads them and his poetry with joy. There are plenty of excellent people (with aristocratic names and receding foreheads) to whom it would be a great waste of time to recommend anything in literature, but your correspondent is not, I feel sure, one of these.

He reads iShakespeare and Shelley without the dreadful wet towel of the midnight idiot. This is not unnotable. Therefore I have written a letter of some length hoping that he will make yet another effort to read Mr. Meredith's works. If he finds, after all, that they are really too impossible, I can only say, I am very sorry for him, I am very sorry indeed for him.

June 26. RICHARD CURLE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,-The letter of the "Man in the Street" starts an interesting sir,—The letter of the "Man in the Street" starts an interesting topic. I have been for many years a great novel reader, and I agree that Meredith is difficult to read. I have never read one of his books through, though I have often tried, with the exception of "Richard Feverel" and "The Egoist." It is not so much that the style is difficult and to me unpleasant as that there is a kind of unreality both in the manner and matter of the novels which is repellent and even exasperating. The author reminds me of a clever man who always prefaces his smartest sayings with a slight cough. Mr. Meredith when he is about to say a good thing, and of these there are many as every one knows, has a way of drawing your attention to it which in a writer of less fame might be called self-conscious. I think some day Mr. Meredith will live in a volume of selections. But as to Browning, I find my own experience quite different from that of the "Man in the Street." I hought his poems when I was an undergraduate and have Street." I bought his poems when I was an undergraduate and have never wearied of them. Next to Wordsworth and Horace, they are never wearied of them. Next to Wordsworth and Horace, they are most often read. I do not find them difficult (except "Sordello"). On the other hand, "Saul," "A Death in the Desert," "Abt Vogler," "My Last Duchess," much of "The Ring and the Book," the exquisite lyrics in "Ferishtah's Fancies," and many more appear to me after twenty-four years acquaintance to have a wild melody, a penetrating pathos and weight of thought to support them that no other poet possesses. One likes Tennyson, respects Wordsworth, listens to Swinburne but I have always found Browning the best poet to live with

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

Sir,—"A Man in the Street" wonders who, beside the critics, read Meredith. May I tell him? He is read and mightily enjoyed by the majority of those who like Art informed with intellect. Naturally the "novel-reading people" met by your correspondent cannot abide him. Intellectual and artistic folk can. We, who fail to admire Cabbage Patches and Master Christians, have wept with Rhoda and rejoiced with Carinthia. In my own small untravelled sphere I know half a dozen who read and re-read his prose and poetry. We are not critics, nor are we (intellectually) of "the street." We prefer the study to "the street," though we can talk to the latter of "Impregnable Cities" and even of "Double Threads."

Our numbers are far larger than "The Man in the Street" and the average M.P. might suppose.

PERCY L. BABINGTON.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

-I am a publican with a hunger for literature—a somewhat rare bird, I believe—and might, perhaps, be expected to take more interest in "Esther Waters" than in, say, "Diana of the Crossways," but the letter of "A Man in the Street," on the subject of George Meredith, in your last issue, has awakened in me a desire to exchange cards with your correspondent in order that I may infect him with an enthusiasm which would require more space to express than I

an enthusiasm which would require more space to express than I could possibly hope for in your columns.

I am uninfluenced by any criticism of Meredith, for I have never read one and I certainly know nothing of the world in which he places his characters, but the keen pleasure I have experienced in reading certain of his books is almost sufficient to explain my appreciation of them, if not a certain mild wonder at the iconoclastic challenge I have just been reading.

To instance two only of Meredith's creations—"Richard Feverel" and "The Egoist"—is surely sufficient to call a whole host of allies to my side in this argument. Who has not known the man with a system as in "Richard Feverel"; and who will not modify one's own after reading that work? And take "The Egoist":—Was ever a character in fiction drawn more finely than that of Clara Middleton? Do we not meet our Sir Willoughby a dozen times a week in every grade of society? I ask you, Sir, for only a word in criticism of that delicious Prelude to "The Egoist." A sense of humour! I think that must have something to do with it. To suggest that the cultivation of this sense is necessary to the enjoyment of Meredith is to invite the resentment of those to whom the suggestion applies. But I can find no other explanation of the attitude of "A Man in the Street."

June 27.

H. SAVAGE. June 27.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I suppose there are poor folk who cannot understand such masterpieces of strength and beauty as George Meredith's "Richard Feverel," "Evan; Harrington," and "The Egoist." They are to be pitied. "A Man in the Street" shows a weakness—to say the least of it—in looking for a knowledge of Meredith in Members of Parliament or an ex-Minister of the Crown. "Plenty of blood and brawn never mind brain," is their demand.

Who would expect, for instance, Joseph Chamberlain quoting Meredith? Your correspondent should, "with mind unfettered and the heart at rest," seek a book-lover in the library: this would be far better companionship. What are the titles of the five volumes that lie upon his shelves unread?

Should one be "Evan Harrington," I would ask him to make a

be tar better companionship. What are the titles of the five volumes that lie upon his shelves unread?

Should one be "Evan Harrington," I would ask him to make a further attempt, and when he has borne as much as he can, give it up and go and dine with his Members of Parliament and let the talk be of anything but literature. I could suggest a topic, which, on his return to Meredith, would give him the first moments of real happiness he had known for hours.

In the three books I have mentioned there is plenty of humour and interest, and, what no doubt is more to "A Man in the Street's" point, they are mainly written in the vernacular. I could give quotations from Meredith that would send any ordinary intelligent reader to Meredith at once for either enjoyment or education, but I fear your correspondent is already a devourer of extracts and reviews, and I desire he should himself go to the books, but, as Lionel Johnson in "The Art of Thomas Hardy" said, "to take up," "glance at," "look into," "skim this," and "pass the time with" is tasteless levity. With seeming approval, Swinburne is mentioned, and to my mind it would no doubt act as a Meredithian tonic if your correspondent read Mr. Swinburne's letter in the Spectator, June 7, 1862.

June 25.

BRITISH NOVELISTS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The amusing letter of "A Man in the Street" in to-day's ACADEMY reminds me that, when I was in Paris a week or two ago, a French friend asked me to give him a list of the most distinguished contemporary English novelists. I am not a novel reader myself, and I am somewhat distressed to find that the friends I have consulted and according to the writer of the writer of the writer. I am somewhat distressed to find that the friends I have consulted read novels without much regard to the distinction of the writer—or of his style. Would you allow your readers to say who, in their opinion, are the British equivalents of, say, Pierre Loti and Anatole France, of the brothers Margueritte and the brothers who call themselves Rosny, of Paul Bourget and Marcel Prévost, of M. Hervieu and M. Barrès, of André Theuriet and René Bazin, of——. But if I extend my list—a merely hearsay list—I shall be guilty of inexcusable omissions. All that I venture to ask for is a list of novelists which could be submitted to an intelligent Frenchman to show what British fiction is at the present moment. I may mention (pace "A Man in the Street") that my friend seems to be acquainted with some at least of the works of Mr. Meredith, Mr. Kipling, and Mr. Wells.

SENIOR CLASSICS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In The Academy it is stated that in 1835 Lord Lyttelton was Senior Classic and Dean Vaughan Second. This is a mistake. They were bracketed equal Senior Classics in 1838. Also the Senior They were bracketed equal Senior Classics in 1838. Also the Senior Classic in 1842, Denman, was not Lord Denman, but Mr. Justice Denman. Sir John Seeley is said to have been Second Classic in 1857; as a matter of fact, he was one of four who were bracketed equal as Senior Classics. Your mention Mr. J. E. B. Mayor who was Third Classic in 1848; you omit the two Seniors of that year, who were certainly quite as well known, C. B. Scott, Head Master of Westminster, and B. F. Westcott, Bishop of Durham. You mention Mr. Arthur Sidgwick, Second Classic in 1863; you omit his older brother Henry, Senior Classic in 1859, who was for some years Professor of Moral Philosophy. I have no doubt the editor of the Cambridge Calendar is to blame for some of these omissions. No one would know by the light of nature that Waddington, who was once Ambassador in England. I hope you will forgive me for calling attention to these points.

June 26.

H. B. FOYSTER. 1.10 to all for

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY.

Birch, Walter de Gray, LL.D., F.S.A. History of Scottish Seals from the Eleventh to the Seventeenth Century. With upwards of 200 Illustrations derived from the finest and most interesting Examples extant. Vol. 1. Stirling: Eneas Mackay, 12s. 6d. net and 21s. net.

Guthrie, James. A Little Book of Book plates. Harting: Pear Tree Press. Jackson, C. J., F.S.A. English Goldsmiths and their Marks. Macmillan, £2 2s. net.

London to the Nore. Painted and described by W. L. and Mrs. Wyllie.

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Baring-Gould, S. A Memorial of Horatio Lord Nelson. Skeffington, 2s. 6d. Bury, J. B. Life of St. Patrick and his Place in History. Macmillan, 12s. net.

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Lawson, Sir Charles. Memories of Madras. Sonnenschein, 10s. 6d. net.

Upham, Thomas C. Life, Religious Opinions, and Experiences of Madame
Guyon. Allenson, 6s.

Trimble, W. H. Walt Whitman and "Leaves of Grass." Watts, 2s.

Lennox, Cuthbert. James Chalmers; Henry Drummond of New Guinea,
Melrose, 6d. each.

Nelson's Letters to Lady Hamilton. Introduction by Douglas Sladen. The

Library Press, 2s. 6d. net.

EDUCATIONAL.

Cartwright, Thomas. French by the Direct Method. Part II. Adapted from the German of Rossmann and Schmidt. Language Series. Jack, 18, 8d. Bond, William. Our Island's Story. Step II. Concentric Histories. Jack,

rs. 3d.

Crook, C. W., and Weston, W. H. Our English Home. "Round the World" Geographical Handbooks. Jack, 6d.

Crook, C. W., and Weston, W. H. The Three Term Algebra; Mudie, W. Graphs of Algebraical Functions. Mathematical Series. Jack, 6d. and 8d.

and 8d.

Synge, M. B. The World's Childhood. Part I. Blackwood.

Reynolds, J. B. Europe and the Mediterranean Region. Regional Geography

Black, 25. Mare Aganum, 6.c. Handy Classical Maps Series. Murray, 1s. net. Mitton, G. E. The Glory of London. The "Council" History Readers.

Mitton, G. E. The Glory of London. The "Council" History Readers. Black, 18.6d.

Der Englische Dolmetscher. English Self-taught for the Germans. Marl-

FICTION.

Gasiorowski, Waclaw. Napoleon's Love Story. Translated by the Count de Soissons. Duckworth, 6s. (See p. 686.)
Griffiths, Major Arthur. The Passenger from Calais, Nash, 6s.
Darlington, H. A. Time the Enemy. Jarrold, 6s.
Hayden, Eleanor G. Ross of Lone Farm. Smith, Elder, 6s. (See p. 687.)
Wales-Almy, Charlotte. Marraquitts, a Romance of Monte Carlo. Drane,

38. 6d.

Nyevelt, la Baronne de Zuylen de. L'Impossible Sincérité. Paris : Calmann-Nyevelt, la Baronne de Zuylen de. L'Impossible Sincérité. Paris : Calmann-Lévy.

Sheehan, Very Rev. Canon A. P. Glenanaar: A Story of Irish Life.
Longmans, 6s.
Hutchinson, Horace G. Two Moods of a Man. Smith, Elder, 6s.
Smith, F. Hopkinson. At Close Range. Heinemann, 6s.
Becke, Louis. Tom Gerrard. Unwin, 6s.
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Dudeney, Mrs. Henry. A Country Bunch. Hurst & Blackett, 3s. 6d.
Munro, Neil. The Shoes of Fortune. Blackwood, 3s. 6d.

LITERATURE AND LANGUAGES.

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Rambling Recollections. By Pearse Morrison. Member of the Corporation of the City of London. (Swan Sonnenschein, 5s. net.)—
If the world knows nothing of its greatest men, the City of London at any rate may fairly be expected to know something of the members of its Corporation, and much that is in this book will probably be familiar to many citizens of note who have been at one time or another associated with the author during his long connection with that body. Indeed it is due to the suggestion of friends who have many of them made their civic mark and with him reached their "anecdotage" that Mr. Morrison now seeks to interest a wider circle with "this little record of changing times and disappearing landmarks." His disclaimer of "the special interest that attaches to the life of soldier or statesman or any of the gifts that belong of right to the life story of a man of letters" is as sincere as it is modest. "I have set it all down," he says, "in simple fashion, as one man speaks to another"; and that is the key-note of these frank and unassuming recollections. Opening with a little picture of himself as a very small boy marching up and down the balcony of a house on the Terrace at Kennington at the time of the Chartist Riots of '48, armed with a wooden musket for the better protection of the household, he has much to say of Kennington in the fifties; of the early days of the Surrey Cricket Club, of the old Surrey Gardens, the old Surrey Theatre and many other places of entertainment by night and by day. He takes us with him to school at Banff (deciding en passant and with amusing illustrations which make for paradox, that in point of dulness the Banff Kirk weekly sermon takes or used to take some beating), back again to London, and eventually into the printer's and stationer's business in which he served a strenuous but happy apprenticeship before becoming his father's partner in the firm which he still back again to London, and eventually into the printer's and stationer's business in which he served a strenuous but happy apprenticeship before becoming his father's partner in the firm which he still conducts. Connected by marriage with Richard Shepherd, a stage manager of repute, he found in the theatre his great relaxation and delight, and his pages are crowded with names well known in the sixties and seventies and later. Just here, too, are two capital little character-sketches of Baron Grant and Colonel North, both friends of the author, and men whom he regards as far more sinned against than sinning. The conduct of a flourishing business, the proprietorship of a paper, the keen prosecution of civic duties, these, varied by holiday "tramps abroad" to France, America, Russia and Morocco—go to the making of a full and busy life, and if not everything in the book comes within a strictly literary purview it is all told with such unaffected bonkomis, honesty, and humour, and withal with so frank a discernment, that we feel sure that most people into whose hands it comes, will lay it down with a pleasurable feeling of goodwill and respect towards this genial autobiographer.

Two Studies on the Ballad Theory of the Beowulf. By James Edward Routh, Junr. (J. B. Furst Company, Baltimore, 1905). This little pamphlet begins with a short introduction, which summarises in a clear and concise manner the controversy which has occupied most of the critics of Beowulf as to the single or multiple authorship of our Old English of Beowulf as to the single or multiple authorship of our Old English epic. The author then proceeds to attack two points in the argument of the "dissectors" of the poem, ranging himself on the side of Köhler, Heinzel and Bruno Hæuschkel, against Müllenhoff and Ten Brink. The first study deals chiefly with the apparently inconsistent elements, pagan and Christian, both in the legend of Grendel and in the philosophy of the poet. But these offer no enormous difficulties if we admit, as most critics are now inclined to do, that the poem was composed in very early Christian times, when many of the old pagan legends were still well known and popular. In this study there is also a somewhat inconclusive discussion of Canaite and Ophite heresies, intended to throw light on the Christian setting of the Grendel legend: a somewhat inconclusive discussion of Canaite and Ophite heresies, intended to throw light on the Christian setting of the Grendel legend; but beyond establishing the fact that other evil beings in mediaval legend were said to be descended from Cain, this part of the work achieves but little. Perhaps this fruitless display of research may be accounted for by taking into consideration that the thesis was composed "in accordance with the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy" in the Johns Hopkins University. The second of these studies is by far the more valuable and convincing of the two. It deals with those irrelevant parenthetic and enjusqic passages which deals with those irrelevant parenthetic and episodic passages which have been so much insisted upon by those critics who see traces of interpolation and rehandling on every other page of the poem. By means of a careful and illuminating comparison of Beowulf with other mediæval poems it is shown that these sudden transitions and episodes

are characteristic largely of all early Germanic, and especially of Old English poetry. We may therefore, as the author remarks, feel confident in disregarding any objections brought against various passages in the poem by the ballad-theorists, when they found those objections merely on the contention that "This is not pertinent" or "This does not forward the narrative." Mr. Routh considers that the fourteen lines at the end of Section III. (lines 175-188 according to the numbering of Heyne) form the only interpolated passage in the poem.

Joseph Joachim. By J. A. Fuller Maitland. (Lane, 2s. 6d.)—The author in his preface frankly claims no more for this little volume than that it is a panegyric tempered with judgment. It is only some sixty pages in length and is divided into five sections dealing with Joachim's career, violin playing, teaching, influence, compositions, each of which is necessarily summarised in the briefest manner. That it has been possible so to condense the various elements of such a long and versatile career, and yet to make the sketch interesting, and to avoid all feeling of cataloguing, shows how intimate and sympathetic Mr. Fuller Maitland's study of his subject has been. Nevertheless the book is tantalising; it makes one long to know many things which fall outside its scope. This is the highest praise that can be given to it, since the lising; it makes one long to know many things which fall outside its scope. This is the highest praise that can be given to it, since the truest function of little books is to make people read big ones, and the author directly refers his readers to the biography by Professor Andreas Mose, translated into English by Miss Lilla Durham. Thus, having quickly disposed of the facts of his career, there is space found for interesting personal reflections upon the playing and influence of Joachim. His character, moral and artistic, which is one, is well summed up as follows: "Truth, rectitude, earnestness of purpose, singleness of artistic aim, a childlike clarity of the inner vusion, combined with the highest dignity—all these are evident to any but the most superficial listener, and there is a certain quiet ardour, eloquent of strong emotion strongly controlled, such as distinguishes only those who possess the highest imagination." Professor Kruse's remarks on Joachim's teaching, and the summary of his compositions, so little known in England, add extra interest and point to the work, which is sure to be acceptable to a public that already so heartily endorses Schumann's words: "One can never love him enough."

The Sensitive. By A. E. Manning Foster. (Allen, 3s. 6d. net.) It was said of Coleridge that all his youth he hungered for eternity; and similarly there are many men who all their lives hunger for a refinement and a rarefied atmosphere which shall place them on a plane immeasurably higher than their fellows. These, we take it, Mr. Manning Foster would describe as the sensitive. But "Sensitiveness is a vital factor of the creative energy," says our author, "and your true sensitive is always, in some sense, a creator"; wherefore we deduce that he himself claims not the label, since he has created nothing. Indeed, the sensitive would appear to be a rather dull, pretentious, unoriginal, and irritating person. Not for him the hilarities of earthlier companions, not for him their joys and sorrows, their aches and pains. He—in splendid isolation—will survey the universe from his own standpoint—which, we discover, is much as that of other men. The book before us consists of twenty-four essays, reprinted from different periodicals; and embraces subjects as distinct as pain, Walter Pater, Sarah Bernhardt, the morality of Nietzsche, and the author? Pater, Oscar Wilde, and M. Maurice Maeterlinck, and is fond of quoting them; but his paper on "Walter Pater, Humanist," shows read Pater, Oscar Wilde, and M. Maurice Maeterlinck, and is fond of quoting them; but his paper on "Walter Pater, Humanist," shows very little insight, and that on Nietzsche only a superficial acquaint-ance with his subject. The views of the sensitive person as here set forth add nothing to the sum of our knowledge of life, and we regard him with indifference, him with indifference,

Napoleon: the first Phase. Some Chapters on the Boyhood and Youth of Bonaparte, 1769-1793, by Oscar Browning. (Lane, 10s. 6d. net.)

—Mr. Oscar Browning has chosen the obvious title for his book; possibly out of compliment to Lord Rosebery, to whom the book is dedicated, possibly as an indication that its pages will contain little but the obvious. Comparison is inevitable, and recent Napoleonic literature has established so high a standard in this branch of history that Mr. Oscar Browning suffers by history proportions. but the obvious. Comparison is inevitable, and recent Napoleonic literature has established so high a standard in this branch of history that Mr. Oscar Browning suffers by being inopportune: a century ago this book might have been devoured with avidity. M. Chuquet, moreover, as Mr. Oscar Browning admits, "has consecrated three volumes to the life of Napoleon from his birth to the siege of Toulon," and it is to the same period of history that the title of "the first phase" is now given. This work affords, however, a curious insight into the methods of modern writers who make books, and incidentally shows what an attraction emperors, even in the cradle, have for some people. Mr. Oscar Browning trusts that "the contemplation of this laborious and brilliant youth may, perhaps dispose Englishmen to look more favourably upon those epochs of his career when devotion to the interests of France made him, for a time, the most formidable enemy of our own country." Cambridge should set up a statue to Optimism, if this is its creed. As a panacea, however, it fails. The contemplation of laborious and brilliant youths is not an exhilarating pastime, and we suspect that it was the joy of being able to write "Finis" which Mr. Oscar Browning thus magnified when he wrote those words at the end of his book. A great man's boyhood and youth are better dismissed in a chapter or two, which most readers—knowing that the boy is father to the man—will skip, but if Mr. Browning likes to think otherwise he is welcome to his thoughts. The should start a "Cult for the Contemplation of Youth," and, if he wants to do a little original work instead of compilation, he might, for example, write about the youth of Methuselah.

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